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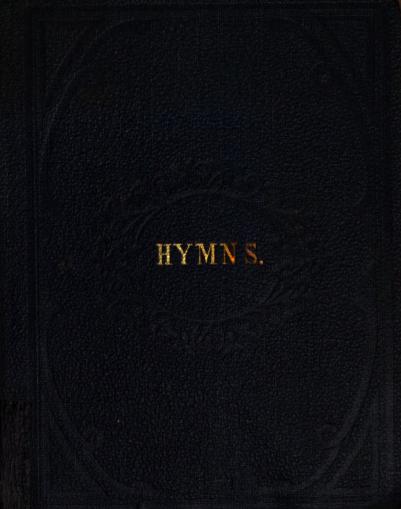
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HYMNS

SELECTED FROM THE

Church Hymn and Tune Book.



JAS. PARKER AND Co., OXFORD; AND 377, STRAND, LONDON.

1870.

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ADVERTISEMENT.

More than twenty years ago, the Hymns out of which this selection is made were, as occasion served, printed from time to time on single leaves for the use of a church then requiring them as supplementary to its customary Hymn and Psalm Book.

Afterwards, with others, these were gathered into Parts and issued, with their proper music, for service in the same congregation.

When complete in their yearly course, they were collected into a volume and published, in 4to. with full score, and in 12mo. with air in the treble, under the name of "Church Hymn and Tune Book," out of which body of Hymns this selection, having in view the convenience of congregations using the larger volumes generally and these Hymns in particular, is compiled and published with the full approval and concurrence of the editors of the original book.

HOWARD RICE, M.A.,

Exeter College, Oxford.

The Vicarage, Sutton Courtney, Berks, 1870.

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HYMNS.

1. [Advent 1.]

- 1 HARK! a gladsome voice is thrilling, Earth's dim pathways wildly shaking: Lo! the ancient fane is tilling With the glow, for day is breaking; Day is breaking, night dreams vanish; Christ is coming—gloom to banish.
- 2 Christ is coming!—from thy prison Earth-bound spirit, spring with gladness: Rising with the star, new risen, Health to shed on human sadness: Lo! the Lamb descends from heaven, Sinners—haste to be forgiven.
- 3 Yea! to grant a gracious guerdon
 Once again He comes in glory—
 Mourners—freighted with your pardon
 His right hand He lifteth o'er ye.
 Lord, when doom and death confound us,
 Be Thine arm of mercy round us.
- 4 To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Glory, honour, power, be given:
 Lord, to Thine eternal merit
 Praise be sung in earth and heaven:
 Voice of saints in concert blending,
 Heard through ages never ending. Amen.

1 LEST the Comer tarry long,
Fervently with prayer intreat Him;
Seek His face with festal song,
And with gladsome service greet Him:
Seed eternal, He forbeareth
Not to grace the Virgin's womb:
God, a servant's guise He weareth,
Us to free from servile doom.

2 Rise to meet Him, Sion, rise, Prince of Peace, Himself He offers Mildly meek;—then ne'er despise, Hard of heart, the peace He proffers: On a bright clear cloud all glorious, Judge of earth, will He come back, And His members bear victorious Upward on His heavenly track.

3 Brood of shadows—shapes of sin—
Let them with the day-spring vanish:
That the man new formed within,
Thence the ancient Adam banish.
Praise to Thine eternal merit,
Coming Saviour, mighty Son,
With the Father and the Spirit,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

3. [Advent 4.]

1 FROM the desert caverns rude, Now the new Elias fareth; Sore he chides the viper-brood, And for Christ a path prepareth: Lo! the Judge is hastening hither, Purging with His fan the floor, Soon in fires the chaff shall wither, While the wheat His barns shall store.

2 Christ is coming;—mount and hill, Bending low your heads, adore Him; Vales arise—your hollows fill, Crooked ways, grow straight before Him: High Forerunner, Light's true herald, Rouse the slumberers on thy path, Lest we perish, sloth-imperilled, In the Lamb's avenging wrath.

3 Highest praise to God the Lord—
To the Father's endless merit;
To the sole begotten Word,
Who all glory doth inherit;
Praise and honour without ending,
Be to Him, the Spirit of Love,
Forth the Christian Champion sending,
Armed with unction from above. Amen.

4.

[Advent 5.]

1 WORD from the Sire, supernal,
Forth-faring long ago;
And born to succour a lost world
In time's declining flow:

Enlighten now our bosoms,
 And with Thy love inflame,
 That tidings of heaven's goodly spell
 May purge our souls of shame—

- 3 And when as Judge Thou comest
 To make each heart's deed known,
 Rendering to all their secret things,
 And to the Just their throne—
- 4 We, straitened not with sorrow, According to our sin; But fellows with Heaven's virgin host May crowns unfading win.
- 5 Praise, honour, might, and glory,
 To God the Sire, and Son;
 And to the Holy Paraclete,
 While endless ages run. Amen.

5.

[Advent 6.]

- 1 LO! the desert-depths are stirred, And the reeds of Jordan quiver; At the Baptist's herald word, Shake the shores of that old river.
- Nearer comes the Preacher's cry,
 Deeper sounds his voice and deeper,
 Telling that the Christ is nigh,
 In a tone to rouse the sleeper.
- 3 By their Maker's coming feet
 Moved, the earth, the air, the ocean
 Joyously His advent greet,
 With a strangely yearning motion.
- 4 Cleanse the heart—a highway strew
 For the Godhead hither faring;
 Cleanse the home—a dwelling, due
 To the mighty Guest, preparing.

5 Jesu, Thou our solace art, Thou our strength and our salvation; Withered grass, from Thee apart, Fades away man's feeble nation.

6 Lift the lost, with hand of health, Whom the plague is fast consuming; Lift the veil—in all its wealth, Lo! the beauteous world is blooming.

7 Thou, Who comest man to free,
Son, be Thine all praise for ever;
Thine with Sire and Spirit be
Laud through ages ending never. Amen

6.

[Advent 10.]

Evensong.

1 In night's dim shadows lying, Our limbs fast locked in sleep, To Thee, with faithful sighing, Our souls their vigils keep.

2 Desire of every nation, Hear, Lord, our piteous cry; Thou Word—the world's salvation, Uplift us where we lie.

3 Lord, be Thine Advent hastened, Lest sin Thy people mar; The gates which Adam fastened— The gates of heaven, unbar.

4 Son, to Thine endless merit, Redeemer, Saviour, Friend, With Sire, and Holy Spirit, Be praises without end. Amen.

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7. [Advent 11, 9th verse to the end.]

- 1 DAY of dread, in wrath awaking, When the dead from prison breaking, To the throne their path are taking,
- 2 In Thine heart, kind Jesu, bearing Me, the cause of Thine hard-faring, Leave me not, that day, despairing.
- 3 Wearily for me Thou wendedst, Mournfully the Cross ascendedst; Lost be not the life Thou spendedst.
- 4 Judge, from Whom is no appealing, Give the gift my pardon sealing, Ere the day all doom revealing.
- 5 Shame and sorrow mantle o'er me, For my sins are all before me; To Thy love, dear Lord, restore me.
- 6 Thou the Magdalen hast shriven; Thou the robber's chain hast riven; Thou sweet hope to me hast given.
- 7 Though my prayers can nothing earn me, Wilt Thou from Thy footstool spurn me? Wilt Thou leave the fire to burn me?
- 8 Set me with Thy sheep for ever, Save me from the goats and sever, From Thy right hand parted never.
- 9 When the accurst are speechless stricken, While the red fires round them thicken, Call me with Thy saints and quicken.

- 10 Low in dust and ashes bending, Hear me, grief my heart's core rending, And have mercy on mine ending.
- 11 O! that day of tears and sorrow,
 Fiery morn without a morrow,
 When for judgment man shall waken,
 Jesu! leave him not forsaken;
 Leave not sinners, but to them,
 Grant a gracious requiem. Amen.

8.

[Advent 12.]

Evensong.

- 1 JESU, our Captain and our King, Adorable Defender; Now comes the night on ebon wing, And us to sleep we render. Still rest we, Jesu, in Thy name, Our keeper and our guard; And wakeful thus in spirit claim The watcher's blest reward.
- 2 At noon of night, by Gospel voice
 The Bridegroom is proclaimed;
 He comes, in Him let all rejoice
 By Whom Heaven's realm is framed.
 Forth haste the holy maiden-bands,
 To meet His coming state;
 Bearing their bright lamps in their hands,
 Joying with gladness great.

3 The foolish bide the gate before,
And hold their lamps long quenchèd;
Smiting in vain that palace door,
Whose bolts will ne'er be wrenchèd.
Then watch we and in spirit stand
With panoply complete;
That we, when Christ shall be at hand,
Go forth our Lord to greet.

4 At noon of night its warning thus
Doth voice of Seer deliver;
Be praise unto the Lord from us—
To Sire and Son for ever.
And to the Holy Ghost be praise;
For perfect Trinity,
Of substance one, by us always
Shall praised and lauded be. Amen.

9.

[Christmas 1.]

HARK! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise;
Join the triumphs of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
Hark! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King.

2 Christ, by highest heaven adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord; Late in time, behold Him come, Offspring of a Virgin's womb; Veiled in flesh, the Godhead he. Hail. Incarnate Deity! Pleased as man with man to dwell. Jesus-our Immanuel. Hark! the herald angels sing,

Glory to the new-born King.

- 3 Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace! Hail the Sun of Righteousness! Light and life to all He brings. Risen with healing on His wings; Mild He lays His glories by, Born that man no more may die; Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth. Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King.
- 4 Glory to the Father be, Glory, Blessed Son, to Thee; Glory to the Holy Ghost. From the glad celestial host; Glory be to God above. Peace on earth to men of love; Jesu, praise to Thee alway. Of a Virgin born this day. Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King. Amen.

10. [Christmas 4.]

1 AF the Father's heart begotten, Ere the world's creation-day, Thou the Alpha and O.méga, Fount and close, and spring, and stay,

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Of all things which are, which have been, And which shall be still for aye. Yea for ever, evermore.

2 Lo! the Prince by ancient prophets,
Chanted in the olden days,
Whom the faithful seers of Israel
Pledged in ever-living lays,
Lo! He shines, the Long Expected;
Him, their God, let all things praise;
Yea for ever. evermore.

3 O! Thrice Blessed Day-spring, when the Virgin mother, full of grace, Of the Holy Ghost conceiving, Bare the Healer of our race, And the Infant world-Redeemer Deigned unveil His hallowed face; Yea, for ever, evermore.

4 Wake the hymn, thou height of heaven,
Into song all angels break;
Let whate'er of strength aboundeth
Now to God's high praise awake;
Let no tongue of man keep silence,
But each voice sweet music make;
Yea, for ever, evermore.

5 Thee the old men, Thee the young men,
And their little ones, heart-free,
Choirs of mothers, maidens, children
In their young simplicity,
Thee, with voice and heart accordant,
Hymn in holy jubilee;
Aye, for ever, evermore.

6 Thee, O Christ,—yea, with the Father,
And the Holy Ghost, to Thee
Hymn and psalm, and laud undying,
And all high thanksgiving be;
Honour, glory, power, and conquest,
And a realm eternally;
Yea, for ever, evermore. Amen.

11.

[Christmas 6.]

- 1 BEHOLD from Heaven a Saviour sent— Earth, kneel thy Prince before; And let the starry firmament The Virgin-born adore.
- 2 Maker of all, Himself hath He In servant guise arrayed; With flesh of man, man's flesh to free And save the souls He made.
- 3 Word of the Sire—ere Time began, The Father's breast He leaves; And born in Time—as Son of Man, An infant's birth receives.
- Where feeds the ox He deigns to feed,
 The hay His pallet-bed;
 He deigns a little milk to need,
 On Whom the Saints are fed.
- 5 The Hands that wield earth, seas, and skies, With swaddling bands are wound; A weak and wailing Babe He lies To lift us from the ground.

6 Judge of the world—His outstretched hands
Us to His crib invite;
 O love unbounded, that demands
 A love as infinite

7 Borne at the Virgin Mother's breast, Lord Jesu, praise to Thee; With Holy Sire and Spirit Blest, To all eternity. Amen.

12.

[Christmas 18.]

St. Stephen.

- 1 SAINT of God, beloved Stephen,
 Prince of Martyrs and their pride;
 Who, with such strong love and mighty
 Compassed on every side,
 For thy cruel people prayedst
 To the Lamb for man That died.
- 2 Standard-bearer thou—and foremost Of the church's war-array; Witness of all grace, and champion For the truth in fearful fray; Living stone, the rock of patience, Love's foundation, pattern, stay.
- 3 Struck with stone and not with dagger,
 Through the cutting of sharp flint
 Thou dost see thy mangled body
 Gashed and bruised by many a dint;
 While with beauty, like a chaplet,
 Ruddy stones thy brows imprint.

4 Unto thee before all other
Heaven's far gates are opened wide;
Jesus there in power thou seest,
Death for Whom thou dost abide,
With the Sire in glory standing,
Yet for ever at thy side.

5 May the Son of Mary teach us
Ever for our foes to pray;
Heavenward may His Spirit lead us,
Where nor stone nor steel can slay;
But the spirits of the righteous
Walk with him in perfect day.

6 To the Virgin-born be glory, Crowning thee with roseate wreath, And upon a bright throne placing With the stars thy feet beneath; May He of His mercy loose us From the bitter sting of death. Amen.

13.

[Christmas 19.]

St. John the Evangelist.

1 HEAR, blessed Seraphim, Our quire's accordant swell; And join us, while the Saint we hymn, Whom Jesus loved so well.

2 He on his Master's breast, In mystic sleep reclined, Rests angel-like, in vision blest And God's embraces twined.

- 3 He learns ere time began
 Whence the true Word proceeds;
 And, how that Word became true man—
 Aright the Apostle reads.
- 4 Thee, son of Mary, friend
 And brother of His heart,
 Christ calls, and doth to her commend,
 Whose son henceforth thou art.
- O! pure and virgin one,
 Thy Master's charge is thine;
 His Virgin mother's guardian son,
 Meet for thy work divine.
- 6 Borne at the Virgin's breast, Jesu, to Thee, be praise, With Sire and Holy Spirit blest, For ever and always. Amen.

14.

[Christmas 20.]

Holy Innocents.

- 1 HAIL, ye firstling Martyr-flowers,
 Whom the foe of Christ dared blight;
 Rosebuds blasted in your bowers
 At the very gate of light.
- 2 Lambs of Christ, your Saviour's own, Martyred victims glad and gay, At the very altar-stone Ye with palm and chaplet play.

- 3 What avails false Herod's power?
 What avails the deed of guilt?
 Christ alone outlives the hour
 Of the blood, like water, spilt.
- 4 Where the young blood streamed like rain, One—the Virgin-born—was left; Yea, for One the sword was vain, That the childless Rachel reft.
- Jesu, be high praise to Thee,
 Borne at Holy Mary's breast,
 Unto all eternity,
 With the Sire and Spirit Blest. Amen.

15. [Circumcision 1, verses 1, 2, 6, 7.]

- 1 LO! the eighth bright morn is flinging
 Far and wide its ruddy fire;
 And obedient hands are bringing
 To the law the young Messiah;
 Babe begotten not adopted,
 Co-eternal with the Sire.
- Yea, the breathing of the Spirit
 O'er the holy maiden blows;
 Whence, a Virgin uncorrupted,
 She endured no mother's throes;
 Whom her pure and stainless offspring
 As His own chaste parent chose.
- 3 Now in Him the Circumcision
 Of the old Law they fulfil;
 While each Testament He proveth,
 As the record of His Will,

Who, in Trinity abiding,
All things wrought and worketh still.

4 Glory, honour, laud, and worship
Ever be to God Most High;
To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Unto all eternity,
Praise be given, as power belongeth,
Praise that never more shall die. Amen.

16.

[Circumcision 4.]

WE consecrate our canticle
To Jesus' name all-hallowed;
That Name, which heaven, and earth, and hell,
Laud evermore—adore, and dread.

- 2 Sweet Name, salvation heralding, Supreme; and every Name above; The Font of Life, of Grace the Spring, The pledge of Glory and of Love.
- 3 Dear Name, more dear to heart and ear Than honey, or the evening-bell; All care it soothes, all grief doth cheer, And routs the recreant powers of hell.
- 4 Sweet Name, with endless joyaunce rife,
 To those that pray the prayer of Faith,
 Tempering the wild turmoil of life,
 And driving far the fear of death.
- 5 This day hath given to Thee that Name, Jesu, whereat the world must bow; The Saviour's title Thou dost claim, Henceforth our very Saviour Thou.

6 Then, Jesu, to Thy name this day,
 With Holy Sire and Spirit blest,
 Our everlasting praise we pay,
 The homage of each faithful breast. Amen.

17.

[Epiphany 1.]

1 Y E crowned kings, approach ye, With rich treasures freighted,

O haste ye, your footsteps to Bethlehem wing;
O haste and adore Him—the Prince of all angels,
Then come let us worship—yea, come let us worship,

O come let us worship the Christ the King.

2 The true God of True God
The true Light of True Light,
Lo! rays of a Star o'er the dim dwelling spring,
Very God not created, not made but begotten,
O come let us worship, O come let us worship,
O come let us worship the Christ the King.

3 The King—yea, of all kings,
The high Lord of all lords,
The Wonderful, God, wisely counselling,
The Prince everlasting, of peace and all glory;
O come let us worship, O come let us worship,
O come let us worship the Christ the King.

4 Let Love bring her fine gold, Her harsh myrrh, Austereness, Let longing Devotion its frankincense bring, Let fine gold the King mark, the Myrrh mark His Manhood.

The Godhead with incense O come let us worship, O come let us worship the Christ the King.

5 O come let us worship, And fall down before Him,

The gifts of our hands with our hearts offering,
Then hail! to the Day-star from heaven That
appeareth:

O come let us worship, O come let us worship, O come let us worship the Christ the King. Amen.

18.

[Epiphany 3.]

- 1 FAIR Queen of Cities, Star of earth,
 Thrice honoured Bethlehem, it was thine
 To give our Princely Saviour birth,
 And nurse the Incarnate Bahe Divine.
- 2 Of Whom, yon bright and beauteous star Outshone the noon-day sun, to tell— That God hath left His home, afar, On earth in flesh of man to dwell.
- 3 Their Eastern treasures, rich and rare, The Wise Men at the sight unfold; Offering in meek prostration there Incense, and myrrh, and royal gold.
- 4 The gold and fragrant incense teach
 That Christ is King, that Christ is God;
 The myrrh doth prophesy and preach
 Of death and of the dark abode.

5 Jesu, to Thee all glory be,
Unto all lands made manifest;
Who with the Sire eternally,
And with the Holy Ghost, art blest. Amen.

19.

[Epiphany 6.]

- 1 SINCE the heavenly Lamb hath stood Where the Bath's clear waters play, Blessed by Him, the potent flood, All our sin hath washed away.
- Water washeth not our God,
 But our God doth water lave;
 By His flesh—a healing rod—
 Touched, with virtue flows the wave.
- 3 Lo! the promised Fount springs fresh,
 For the washing of the heart;
 Wondrous deed! its dews the flesh,
 And the spirit's plagues depart.
- 4 For, in this pure fountain's flow Dipt, the purple of the King Crimsons the baptized, like snow All their raiment whitening.
- 5 Shadowed with the Spirit Blest, Him to us the Virgin gave; With the Spirit on its breast Teems with new-born sons the wave.
- 6 Jesu, be all glory Thine Washing man's uncleanness white, With the Sire and Spirit Divine, Through all ages infinite. Amen.

20.

[Epiphany 8.]

- DOVE of purity unstained, Simple Dove, nor false, nor feigned, Such the chaste doth well become, Making in their hearts Its home.
- 2 Them the Blessed Spirit fills, Rules and cheers them as He wills; Is their Guardian, is their Guide, Through the rough world's stormy tide.
- 3 Christ, henceforth let stain or blot, Thy baptized ones sully not, In Thy Fountain's sacred flood Washed—and whitened in Thy blood.
- 4 Baptist, of the Bath Divine,
 Jesu, be all glory Thine;
 Thine, with Sire and Spirit, be
 Laud and praise eternally. Amen.

21.

[Epiphany 9.]

Matins.

1 SLEEPER, awake, arise,
Rise from the dead of night,
And Christ, the Sun of orient skies,
Shall give thee light.
Rejoicing in Whose sight,
Came crownèd kings from far,
To greet, with gifts of price, the bright
And Morning Star.

2 At Whose life-bearing birth
The stars of morning sang;
And heaven's sons shouted, and glad earth
With joyaunce rang.
So when the first rays hang

On Memnon's idol dim,
'Twould seem that, from the thrill'd stone, sprang
Its morning hymn.

3 Wake then, my glory, wake,
Awake, my harp, my lute,
Nor, while all hearts their silence break,
Be thy strings mute:
But take thy steel-proof suit,
Brace on thine arms of light,
And He, Who clothes thee head and foot,
Defend the right!

To God the eternal Sire,
To God the eternal Son,
To Him, Who doth all hearts inspire,
The Holy One,
Be endless honour done,
Be deathless glory given,

While everlasting ages run—
In earth, in heaven. Amen.

22.

[Epiphany 10.]

Evensong.

1 SWEET Babe, That wrapt in twilight shade, Upon Thy mother's lap wast laid; Grant, holy Jesus, grant that we May imitate Thine infancy.

- 2 And when we seek our lowly bed, While midnight darkens o'er our head, From ravening wolves, kind Shepherd, keep, This little flock of Thy poor sheep.
- 3 Speak peace unto our souls, and tell Of heavenly joys with Thee that dwell; So shall our spirit, all night long, Sing to our God her thankful song.
- 4 Thus, as the dying day grows dim, To God we raise our evening hymn; And laud, with heaven's bright angel host, The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

23.

[Epiphany 13.]

- 1 A LLELUIA! song of sweetness—
 Voice of everlasting glee;
 Alleluia! voice of joyaunce—
 Hymn of heavenly jubilee;
 Chant of quires, with God abiding,
 In His house eternally.
- 2 Alleluia! thou, glad mother,
 Singest—O Jerusalem!
 Alleluia! sing thy children,
 For thy songs are joys to them;
 Exiles we, where Babel's waters
 Wring from us our requiem.
- 3 Alleluia! we deserve not Songs to sing of endless peace;

Alleluia! our transgression
Bids awhile that anthem cease.
Lo, the season comes when sorrow
For our sin must needs increase.

4 Thus we praise Thee, thus we pray Thee,
Ever-blessed Trinity,
That Thou grant to us in Heaven
Thy glad Easter day to see;
Where to Thee we sing, all joyful,
Alleluia! ccaselessly. Alleluia! Amen.

24.

[Septuagesima 1.]

- 1 FATHER of Lights, by Whom each day
 Is kindled out of night;
 Who, when the heavens were made, didst lay
 Their rudiments in light:
- 2 Thou Who didst bind and blend in one Bright morn and evening pale, Hear Thou our plaint when day is done, And strife and gloom prevail:
- 3 Hear, lest the whelming weight of crime Wreck us with life in view; Lest thoughts and schemes of sense and time, Earn us a sinner's due:
- 4 So may we knock at Heaven's high door, The prize of life to win; Guarded without, and evermore Preserved all pure within.

5 This grace on Thy redeemed confer,
 Father, co-equal Son;
 And Holy Ghost the Comforter,
 Eternal Three in One. Amen.

25.

[Septuagesima 2.]

For the Days of Creation.

- 1 LORD of unbounded space, Who, lest the sky and main Should mix, and heaven should lose its place, Didst the rude waters chain:
- 2 Parting the moist and rare, That rills on earth might flow To soothe the ravenous flame whene'er It burneth from below:
- 3 Pour on us of Thy grace
 The everlasting spring;
 Lest our frail steps renew the trace
 Of ancient wandering.
- 4 May faith in lustre grow, And rear her star in heaven; Paling all sparks of earth below, Unquenched by damps of even.
- Grant it, O Father, Son,
 And Holy Spirit of grace;
 To Whom be glory, Three in One,
 In every time and place. Amen.

26.

[Septuagesima 3.]

For the Days of Creation.

- 1 A LMIGHTY Builder of the earth,
 Who, from the mainland's hardening mould,
 Didst drain the surging waters forth,
 That earth unmoved its place might hold;
- 2 And its dull clods forthwith transmute To golden flowers in vale or wood; To juice of thirst-allaying fruit, And grateful herbage meet for food:
- 3 Wash Thou our smarting wounds and hot, In the cool freshness of Thy grace; Till tears start forth the past to blot, And passion's maddening power efface:
- 4 Till we obey Thy full behest,
 Shun the world's tainted touch and breath;
 Joy in what highest is, and best,
 And gain a spell to baffle death.
- 5 Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
 And Holy Spirit, God of grace;
 To Whom all glory, Three in One,
 Be given in every time and place. Amen.

27.

[Septuagesima 4.]

For the Days of Creation.

1 O LORD most Holy and most High, Great God of Heaven, with radiance bright Kindling the pole's clear eye, And filling with fair light; 2 Who didst on the fourth day through heaven Launch the red chariot of the sun; Lighting the moon at even, And stars that wildly run:

3 That to the night and to the day,
Thou mightst appoint their border-line;
And give the months—ere they
Set forth—the well-known sign:

4 Lord, lighten Thou the gloom within, And cleanse the heart for Thine abode; Unlock the spell of sin; Crumble its giant-load.

5 Grant this, O Father, Only Son,
And Holy Spirit, God of grace;
To Whom be honour done,
In every time and place. Amen.

28.

Septuagesima 5.]

For the Days of Creation.

1 THOU, God of all power,
Dost give sea and sky,
Unto fish and to fowl,
For a dwelling to keep;
Both sons of the waters,
One low and one high,
O'er the hill-tops they tower,
Or bide in the deep:

2 Thy servants save, Lord, Whom Thou hast new made In a laver of blood, Lest they trespass and die; Lest pride should clate them,
Or sin should degrade,
And the souls that once soared
In dark ruin lie.

8 By angels in heaven,
All praise be addrest
To the King of the earth,
Our Creator is He:
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever Blest,
As by saints hath been given,
All glory shall be. Amen.

29.

[Septuagesima 6.]

For the Days of Creation.

1 THOU Fashioner of man, O Lord,
Who all things wisely ordering,
Dost bid the full ground, at Thy word
Bring forth the beast and creeping thing:

- 2 Who mighty frames, with being rife— Frames, at Thy will, instinct with life— Dost in subjection give to man To serve, as Thy commandment ran:
- 3 From Thy poor servants kindly ward Whate'er of evil or unclean Man's life may taint with shame abhorred, Or cloud the spirit's deep serene.
- 4 Grant us Thy blessing ministrant
 Of joy—Thy gifts and graces grant;
 The bonds of strife snap short and sever,
 The bands of peace bind fast for ever.

5 Father of love, this grace confer, Thou, too, the Sire's co-equal Son, And Holy Ghost the Comforter, For ever reigning Three in One. Amen.

30.

[Septuagesima 7.]

Evensong.

- 1 LORD of the star-encircled globe,
 Maker of all, Who dost enrobe
 Day in the vesture of clear light,
 And, with the grace of sleep, the night;
- 2 May rest our nerveless limbs once more Unto their tale of toil restore; And soothe the worn and wearied mind, And sorrow's fretting chain unbind.
- 3 The daylight sets—our thanks we pay,
 While night is up and on its way;
 And prayer with chaunted hymn we blend,
 That Thou Thy guilty ones defend.
- 4 Of Thee our inmost hearts shall sing, To Thee the full-voiced anthem ring; Thee shall chaste love hang fondly o'er, And Thee the tempered mind adore:
- 5 That, when the dark profound of night Shall bar the day's imprisoned light, Faith nought may know of deadening gloom, But night the lamp of faith illume.
- 6 Christ and the Father we entreat, And Holy Ghost the Paraclete, Spirit of both proceeding, be Our guard, All-mighty Trinity. Amen.

- 1 OF creation nought Thou needest, But, all blest Thyself within, From Thy secret place proceedest, All creation to begin.
- 2 Things that are not, into being Start, at summons of Thy voice; Darkness from Thy face is fleeing, While the morning stars rejoice.
- 3 Beauteous in its deed of duty
 Doth the world upon Thee wait;
 Yet a world of nobler beauty
 Thou, Creator, dost create.
- 4 He will deck it with His graces, Our Redeemer, Maker, King, Destined, in all times and places, Sown with word of power, to spring.
- 5 He, when time is o'er, will render
 Back to Heaven His world of grace;
 Share with it His home and splendour,
 Throned before His Father's face.
- 6 Monarch of both worlds, O Father, Both—preserve and keep;—O Son, Both—unto Thy bosom gather; Both, O Holy Ghost, make one. Amen.

32. [Septuagesima 9.]

1 THEE, Maker of the world, doth rest
And endless joy await;
While Heaven's glad quires of angels blest
Thy glories celebrate.

- 2 To us, from holiness exiled, Doth penal woe belong; For how can Sorrow's wailing child Sing his lost country's song?
- 3 Yet Thou hast promised to receive
 Thy mourner's sad lament;
 Then grant us, Sire, for sin to grieve,
 Our cause of banishment.
- 4 May Faith on Hope reposing lean, And calm our souls' annoy; Restore us to Thy rest serene, And to our songs of joy.
- 5 With loftiest praise the Father greet, And greet His only Son; With glory greet the Paraclete, While endless ages run. Amen.

[Lent 3.]

- 1 THE Law He came not to destroy; He came—but to fulfil; Why then the Saviour's words employ, Against the Saviour's will?
- 2 The Gospel Fast—the Fast of Lent, By that old Law foretold, The Priest of the New Testament, Christ Jesus, bids us hold.
- 3 We hold it—strengthened from within, All rebel thoughts to quell; We hold it—lest the foeman win Our heart's strong citadel.

- 4 Then all before the altar bend—
 With contrite spirits pray,
 That Christ the Judge His pity lend,
 And turn His wrath away.
- 5 Thrice awful Judge, though sin's black load Would drown us in the abyss, Thy boundless love—O mighty God, Can triumph e'en o'er this.
- 6 This grant, all-Holy Trinity—
 One God—from Thee be sent
 Thy richest gifts, our food to be
 In this our Fast of Lent. Amen.

[Lent 12.]

- WEEPING on God we wait,
 Wailing our Fast we keep:
 Between the altar and the gate
 The priests—Christ's servants—weep.
- But vain that voice of woe
 The wrath of God to slake;
 Unless it crieth from below,
 From hearts that burst and break.
- 3 Though dust the forehead stain,
 Though torn the robe and rent;
 Vain were those rents, those ashes vain,
 To souls impenitent.
- 4 Then weep we hearty tears,
 To turn the wrath of God,
 And cry—that when our cry He hears,
 He drop the avenging rod.

- Just Judge of all that live,
 Be slow to wrath; relent;
 Give time for penitence—oh! give
 A heart right penitent.
- 6 Blest Trinity, uplift
 Our souls—one God—to Thee;
 That fruitful ever fasting gift
 To us, Thy servants, be. Amen.

[Lent 13.]

Evensong.

- 1 RAY of the Eternal Sire Divine,
 O Christ, true Day, true Light of Light,
 That on the heart dost shine,
 Scattering the night:
- 2 Lo! the tired sun hath gone to rest, While night's dim curtains round us close; Thou Who the day hast blest, Bless our repose:
- 3 That, though our eyes to slumber yield,
 The yearning soul to Thee may wake;
 Then fence us with Thy shield,
 For Thy sweet sake.
- 4 That, freed from this her weary gloom,
 The soul, on fresh unfaltering wing,
 Up to her holy home,
 Soar on and sing.

5 Stand forth our only Help and Health,
Thou Who for us so oft hast stood;
Paying for us the wealth
Of Thine own blood.

6 To God the Father, God the Son, And God the Spirit, glory be, Co-equal Three in One, Eternally. Amen.

36.

[Lent 14.]

- 1 Saviour, when in dust to Thee, Low we bow the adoring knee; When, repentant, to the skies, Scarce we lift our streaming eyes; O, by all Thy pains and woe, Suffered once for man below, Bending from Thy throne on high, Hear our solemn litany.
- 2 By Thy birth and early years,
 By Thy human griefs and fears;
 By Thy fasting and distress
 In the lonely wilderness:
 By Thy victory in the hour
 Of the subtle tempter's power;
 Jesus, look with pitying eye:
 Hear our solemn litany.
- 3 By Thine hour of dark despair, By Thine agony of prayer, By the purple robe of scorn, By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn;

By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries; By Thy perfect sacrifice; Jesus, look with pitying eye, Hear our solemn litany.

4 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sealed sepulchral stone,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
By Thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry,
Hear our solemn litany. Amen.

37.

Lent 16

- Sing the strife of strifes, my tongue;
 Sing the triumph and the Trophy
 On the mighty cross that hung;
 How the world's Redeemer, dying,
 From grim death the victory wrung.
- 2 Grieving for our first-formed parent, For the snare his soul that caught, For the death—by Fruit forbidden On himself and children brought, Christ the Tree ordained—retrieving Thus the loss a tree had wrought.
- 3 So the Mighty One was minded Our salvation to fulfil;

Thus to foil the traitor's cunning,
Art with art, and skill with skill,
Thus to heal us, from the fountain
Whence the foe had sought to kill.

- 4 Wherefore, when the sacred season
 Had its round in fulness run,
 Forth the stronghold of the Father
 Came the world-creating Son,
 From the Virgin's womb proceeding—
 God made flesh, our Holy One.
- 5 And the Babe weeps as He nestles
 In the manger's narrow bound;
 Swaddling clothes His limbs imprison;
 O'er His hands and feet are wound'
 Bands, wherewith His virgin mother
 Wraps the Son of God around.
- 6 Glory, honour, might, dominion, Be unto our God most High; To the Father, Son, and Spirit, Ever-blessed Trinity, Praise be given, and power undying Unto all eternity. Amen.

38.

[Lent 17.]

1 YEARS thrice ten had He, completing
Time's appointed term, fulfilled;
Born for this, His bitter passion
He endured, for thus He willed:
On the cross the Lamb is offered,
From the cross His blood is spilled.

- 2 When the wormwood, gall, and hyssop Each had mocked the Sufferer's thirst, When upon that sacred body Nail and spear had done their worst, Earth, and stars, and ocean washing, Forth the blood, the water burst.
- 3 Faithful cross, of all most faithful,
 Leafy, flowery, budding Tree,
 Not a growth, in all our forests,
 Beareth such a galaxy;
 Dear the wood, and dear the death-nails,
 Dear the Weight That hangs on thee.
- 4 Bow thy branches, tree celestial,
 Softly from thine height descend,
 Bend the sternness of thy nature,
 To receive thy Sovereign bend,
 Link with His thine arms, and gently
 Unto Him thy bosom lend.
- 5 Thou alone wast meet to bear Him,
 Him—the world's surpassing price;
 Ark, bound heavenward to the Haven
 That before the shipwrecked lies;
 Reddened with the life-blood flowing
 From the Lamb of sacrifice.
- 6 Glory, honour, might, dominion,
 Be unto our God most High;
 To the Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Ever-blessed Trinity,
 Praise be given, and power undying
 Unto all eternity. Amen.

[Lent 19.]

- 1 STOOD the woe-worn Mother, keeping
 Watch beside the cross, and weeping,
 For her Son outstretched thereon;
 Through her soul in anguish groaning,
 Torn with grief, and inly moaning,
 Mightily the sword hath gone.
- 2 Oh! how sad, how sore distressed, Was the Woman highly blessed, Mother of the Only One! She who bare to look and languish, While she trembled or the anguish Of her great, her glorious Son.
- 3 Who the man that would not borrow Sorrow from Christ's mother's sorrow, Seeing her in woe so deep? Where is he, the son, the brother, Who could watch that loving mother, Weeping with her Son, nor weep?
- 4 For the offences of His nation Christ she saw in tribulation, And with cruel scourges torn— She beheld her sweet Son sighing Forth His wounded soul, and dying Friendless, desolate, forlorn.
- 5 Jesu, Fount of love and gladness Make me feel the joy of sadness, While with Thee Thy cross I bear;

Make my mounting soul burn higher, That, in loving God Messiah, I, with her, Thy love may share. Amen.

40.

[Lent 23.]

- 1 LO—on the inglorious Tree Our God, the God of Glory hangs; All steeped in blood is He, And pierced with pangs.
- 2 A felon's death He dies, Uplift betwixt that Robber-twain; Sweet Lamb for sacrifice, By sinners slain.
- 3 Pale, pale grows that dear Brow,
 In death that drooping Head declines;
 His parched Lip moves, and now
 His soul resigns—
- 4 His placid Soul—oh! gaze
 On that wan Face, that Crown of Thorn,
 Those Eyes which death-films glaze;
 There look and mourn—
- 5 Mourn, and with tears of blood, Weep till thine eyes in death grow dim, For Him unto the Wood Thou nail'st, yea, Him:—
- 6 To Whom, the mighty God,
 Washing in blood our sins away,
 Our everlasting laud
 We meekly pay. Amen.

[Lent 24.]

- 1 THE storm of sorrow howls around
 That bleak and cheerless Tree,
 Where hangs the Sufferer, throned and crowned—
 The cross of Calvary.
- 2 A weight of woe that Head bows down, Deep anguish racks His heart; Face, Hands, and Feet red torrents drown; Those wounds—how wild their smart.
- 3 He weeps, He prays, He cries that last And wildly wailing cry; Now through His Mother's heart hath past The sword of agony.
- 4 He dies—hills, mountains, rocks, and graves
 Are riven, and rent the main;
 Yea, rock the cliffs, fields, floods, and waves;
 The Veil is rent in twain.
- 5 Why then are our hard hearts unrent?
 When sun, and moon, and stars
 Wail sadly, with the world's lament,
 What sin our sorrow bars?
- 6 Wail, wail, for grief's dark hour is this, Young men and maidens wail; Anoint, and wash, and wipe, and kiss Those Feet so deadly pale.
- 7 Anoint, and wash with tears, and wipe, With love's long flowing tress. That Lamb of Love—Whose every stripe Doth purge our guiltiness.

8 Oh! then, the Peace and Joy of all,
Jesu, our Life and bliss—
In yon bright land our coronal,
Be Thou our light in this. Amen.

42.

[Lent 25.]

- 1 MY God, I love Thee; not because
 I hope for Heaven thereby;
 Nor yet because who love Thee not
 Must burn eternally:
- 2 Thou, Thou my Jesu, Thou didst me Upon the cross embrace; For me didst bear the nails, the spear, And manifold disgrace.
- 3 And griefs and torments numberless, The sweat, the agony, Yea, death itself—and this, all this, For me, poor sinful me.
- 4 Then why, O blessed Jesu Christ, Should I not love Thee well, Not for the hope of winning Heaven, Nor of escaping hell—
- Not with the hope of gaining aught,
 Nor seeking a reward;
 But as Thyself hast loved me,
 O ever-loving Lord.
- 6 Even so I love Thee, and will love, And in Thy praise will sing; Solely because my God Thou art, And mine eternal King.

Yea, I will praise Thee, Jesu Christ,
 With Sire and Spirit One;
 Who gav'st Thyself for love of me.
 To die the Cross upon. Amen.

43.

[Lent 26.]

- 1 A NGELS of peace, lament,
 Your God man's likeness wears;
 He bears His lost ones' punishment,
 The shape of guilt He bears.
- O miracle of love,
 His guiltless Blood is spilt
 For us—brave deed our hearts above—
 Who shun the pains of guilt.
- 3 Thy Cross for evermore
 Our rescue, Lord, shall be:
 Here wound us, here Thy judgments pour,
 But spare eternally.
- 4 The fainting flesh shrinks back, In vain—so wills the Sire; Then bid us follow in Thy track, And with Thy pattern fire.
- Enriched by Thy great loss, And washed Thy Bath within; Oh, ne'er may we renew Thy Cross, By sinning a new sin.
- 6 Praise Him, the Son Who gives,
 The Son, the Victim praise;
 Praise Him, by Whose soft breathing lives
 And burns that altar-blaze. Amen.

[Lent 27.]

- WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
 On which the Prince of Glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the Cross of Christ, my God All the vain things that charm me most, I sacrifice them to His Blood.
- 3 See—from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,
 Sorrow and love flow mingling down;
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
 Or thorns enwreath so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were an offering far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life, my all.
- To Him Who gave His Son to die,
 To Him Whose dying bids me live,
 To Him, the Spirit Blest, will I
 My heart, my life, my spirit give. Amen.

45.

[Lent 28.]

1 ALL ye a certain cure who seek
In trouble and distress,
Whatever griefs the spirit break,
Or sins the soul oppress:

- 2 Jesus, Who gave Himself for men Upon the Cross to die, For you unlocks His Heart, oh! then Unto that heart draw nigh.
- 3 Ye hear His gracious voice and free, Ye hear His summons blest; "All ye that travail come to me, And I will give you rest."
- 4 Sweet Fount, whence life eternal flows, Fresh Spring of waters clear— Bright Flame celestial—cleansing those That unto Thee draw near:
- 5 Our wounds with that dear Blood bedew, Those streams, from thee that flow, New grace, new hopes inspire—a new And better heart bestow.
- 6 To God the Sire give glory meet, And to His only Son; With glory greet the Paraclete, While endless ages run. Amen.

[Lent 30.]

- 1 GLORY, laud, and honour be,
 Our Redeemer Christ, to Thee—
 Thee—to Whom, our heavenly King,
 Children's loud Hosannas ring. Hosanna
- Thee—all angels laud on high,
 Thee—the heavenly company;
 Thee—frail man of fleeting days—
 Thee—all things created praise. Hosanna.

- 3 Thee—the sons of Salem greet,
 And with palms go forth to meet:
 Thee—with hymn, and prayer, and vow
 We approach—and welcome now. Hosanna.
- 4 On Thy road to suffering, they
 Sought the meed of praise to pay;
 We upraise, O Lord, to Thee
 High enthroned—our melody. Hosanna
- 5 As they pleased Thee, so like these,
 Thee may our devotion please;
 King of goodness infinite,
 God, Whom all good things delight. Hosanna.
- 6 Ours be conquest pure and calm,
 Lifted hearts—our boughs of palm;
 While our voices sing to Thee
 This our song of victory: Hosanna.
- 7 Glory, honour, praise divine,
 Our Redeemer Christ, be Thine;
 Thine—to Whom, our heavenly King,
 Children's glad Hosannas ring. Hosanna.

[Lent 31.]

1 SING the glorious Body broken,
Sing the precious Blood out-poured
By the King of Nations—token
Of a world to life restored:
Be, my tongue, his praise outspoken,
Son of Mary, Christ adored.

- 2 Us befriending, He, descending
 From that spotless maiden—past
 Through the weary world, still wending,
 And the good seed round Him cast;
 So His livelong sojourn ending,
 With His mightiest deed and last.
- 3 Supper nearly o'er—right dearly
 With His brethren at the board
 Lo! He lies, fulfilling clearly
 All the Law and its award;
 And with His own hand gives cheerly
 To the Twelve Himself, their Lord.
- 4 Word made Flesh, with word life-giving
 Flesh of very bread He makes;
 And the wine becomes His living
 Blood, and, if our sense it shakes,
 To the heart, sincerely striving,
 Faith that one true Body breaks.
- 5 Bow we then in veneration
 Of the sacrament of might,
 While the ancient dispensation
 Vails its Record to our Rite,
 And with holy renovation
 Faith supplies our failing sight.
- 6 Laud be given and jubilation
 To the Sire and to the Son:
 Honour, glory and salvation,
 Might, and heavenly benison;
 And to Him like adoration,
 Spirit of Both, Proceeding One. Amen.

- 1 JESUS Christ is risen to-day,
 Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord!
 Our triumphant holy day,
 Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord;
 Who did once upon the cross,
 Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord;
 Suffer to redeem our loss,
 Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.
- 2 Hymns of praise then let us sing, Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord; Unto Christ our heavenly King, Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord; Who endured the cross and grave, Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord; Sinners to redeem and save, Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.
- 3 But the pain which He endured, Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord; Our salvation hath procured, Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord! Now He reigns eternal King, Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord; Where the angels ever sing, Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.
- 4 Honour, then, to Him and praise— Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord; Rising on this Day of Days; Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord;

With the Sire and Holy Spirit,
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord;
Endless glory to inherit:
Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord.
Alleluja!

18.

[Easter 4.]

- 1 YE sons and daughters—Christ we sing,
 The King of Glory, heaven's great King,
 Who from the tomb this day did spring. Alleluia.
 His followers true, ere morning-break
 On this, the first day of the week,
 Arose that tomb's dim door to seek. Alleluia.
- 2 This day the ever-loving Three
 Went forth to find their Lord, that He
 With spices might anointed be: Alleluia!
 In faith and hope they went, and there
 Saw the great stone, that none could stir,
 Rolled from the rocky sepulchre. Alleluia
- 3 This day the Angel answered,
 Where clothed in white he sate, and said,
 "Why seek The Living'mid the dead?" Alleluia!
 "The Lord is risen—and gone, all free,
 Before you into Galilee;
 Come, and His place of resting see." Alleluia!
- 4 This day the well-beloved John
 Peter outsped and hastening on
 The foremost to the tomb is gone. Alleluia!
 This glorious day, at even-fall,
 Christ stood within their close-shut hall,
 And spake and said, "Be peace to all." Alleluia!

- That Christ was risen, his faith deferr'd,
 Still doubtful of his brethren's word. Alleluia!
 Whom yet the Master deigned to meet;
 And bade, with condescension sweet,
 "Behold My hands, My side, My feet:" Alleluia!
 - 6 "Behold, nor doubt." When Thomas eyed
 Those Hands, those Feet, that wounded Side,
 "My Lord art thou, and God," he cried. Alleluia!
 Yea, blest are they, who have not seen,
 And yet have ever faithful been;
 For they eternal life shall win. Alleluia!
 - 7 Then bless we Him, in this blest hour,
 Who doth on us all blessings shower,
 To Him be glory, praise, and power: Alleluia!
 From Whom all heavenly joys have birth,
 All jubilee and holy mirth,
 To cheer this Easter-tide of earth. Alleluia!

[Easter 5.]

- A NGELS to our Jubilee,
 Haste, your sweetest songs awaking;
 Christ—amid the dead is free,
 Christ—the rocky tomb is breaking.
 - 2 Vain the guard around the grave, Vain the rulers' wild endeavour; Vain the seal, upon the cave, Of the nation faithless ever.

- 3 Fear—away—no subtle spy
 Steals That Form so sorely stricken;
 He, Who willed the death to die,
 Will with life Himself requicken.
- 4 Offspring of a Virgin's womb,
 Virgin-born He came, in token
 That, through Jewry's guarded tomb,
 He should rise with seals unbroken.
- 5 Hanging on the inglorious Tree, Mad with mocking lips they grieve Him; "Let Him quit the Cross, and we Will the Son of God believe Him."
- 6 From the Cross He came not down, Yet He worked a mightier wonder; Son of God, the Father's Own— Dead—He smites grim death asunder.
- 7 Grant us, Lord, with Thee to die, And to rise at Thine uprising; And to set our heart on high, Earth and all its joys despising.
- 8 To the Father, to the Son,
 Through Whose conquest we inherit
 Life and light, be honour done;
 And to Thee, Eternal Spirit. Alleluis!
 Amen.

[Easter 10.]

1 REJOICE! the Lord is King—Your Lord and King adore; Christians, give thanks and sing, And triumph evermore:

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Lift up your heart, lift up your voice; Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.

- 2 Lo! the glad morn is come:
 Triumphant o'er the grave,
 Your Saviour quits the tomb,
 Omnipotent to save;
 Captivity is captive led,
 For Jesus liveth, Who was dead.
- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid;
 The glorious work is done:
 On Him our help is laid,
 By Him our victory won:
 Captivity is captive led,
 For Jesus liveth, Who was dead.
- 4 Nought can His kingdom quell;
 He rules o'er earth and heaven;
 The keys of death and hell
 Are to our Captain given:
 Lift up your heart, lift up your voice,
 Rejoice, again I say, rejoice. Alleluia.

52.

[Easter 11.]

Evensong.

1 AT the Great Supper of the Lamb
Let us in white robes sing
The passage of the Red-sea wave,
The praise of Christ the King:

2 Whose hallowed Body, offered on The altar of the Rood, So feeds us, that to God we live, And taste His roseate Blood.

- 8 Yea, fenced from the Death-angel's blow, And freed from Pharaoh's rod, On this, our gladsome Paschal night, We sing, and live to God.
- 4 To Thee, Who from the Dead art risen, O Lord, all glory be, With Sire and Spirit ever Blest, To all eternity. Alleluia. Amen.

[Easter 12.]

- 1 NOW Christ our Passover is slain; The Lamb of God hath bled; Then feast we, in sincerity, On Truth's unleavened Bread.
- 2 O dearest, holiest Lamb, by Whom The chains of death are riven, Thou, to Thy captives, thence redeemed, The palms of life hast given.
- 3 Lo! Christ doth from the sealed tomb, Hell's Kingly Conqueror, rise; And back in bonds the tyrant thrusts, Re-opening Paradise.
- 4 Thee, Author of all things, we pray, In this, our Easter glee, From every stroke of death defend Thy faithful family.
- 5 O Lord, Who from the dead art risen, All glory be to Thee, With Sire and Holy Spirit, now And to eternity. Alleluia. Amen.

1

[Easter 15.]

- 1 ON this glad day to saints and men
 Were brighter scenes displayed
 By God, the Eternal Word, than when
 The universe He made.
- 2 He rises, Who mankind hath bought With grief and pain extreme; 'Twas great to speak the world from nought, 'Twas greater to redeem.
- 3 Saints, when He yielded up His breath, Unclosed their slumbering eyes; He bursts again the bands of death, Again the dead arise.
- 4 Alone the fearful race He ran,
 Alone the wine-press trod;
 As man He suffered, died as man,
 To rise again as God.
- 5 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Forbid our King to rise; In vain; He breaks the gate of Hell, And openeth Paradise.
- 6 Then praise we Him Who conquering rose, On this, our Day of Rest; And reigns o'er all His prostrate foes, With Sire and Spirit Blest. Alleluia. Amen.

55. [Easter 16.]

CONQUEROR of Death, all hail,
Oh, what a Palm is Thine,
Thy flesh, like purest marble pale,
Thy Wounds,—how bright they shine.

- 2 Thou camest at dawn of day, Glad hosts around Thee soared: Spirits who thronged in mute array To meet their living Lord.
- Down, down, before Him bow;
 With joyous dread fall down;
 O Sin, by Love outdone art thou,
 And thou, O Death, o'erthrown.
- 4 That day went mirth abroad,
 And Heaven with hymns awoke,
 When, from His tomb, the imprisoned God,
 Like the strong sunrise, broke.
- We too with love would burn,
 We too would reverent be;
 We too would rest in hope, and yearn,
 Dear Lord, to live with Thee.
- 6 Jesu, our King Thou art; Our souls with longing fail For Thee; for Thee, their better part, They thirst;—dear Lord, all hail. Alleluia.

[Easter 17.]

- 1 BEHOLD, the tomb its prey restores,
 Behold, He lives again,
 Jesus, Whom every knee adores,
 The Crucified, the Slain.
- 2 This day He rose and left the grave, And smote the powers of Hell; This day let us His banners wave, And all His triumphs tell.

- 3 Hosanna! to the conquering Son, Hosanna! to the King, Who rises from the field He won, With conquest on His wing.
- 4 Hosanna, in the loftiest strains
 His church on Earth can raise;
 The highest Heavens on which He reigns
 Shall pour Him loftier praise.
- 5 Hosanna, let earth, seas, and skies, Take up the joyous song; And rock and valley, as it flies, The psalm of praise prolong.
- 6 Hail to the Lord of Heaven's bright host, Hosanna to the Son, Who, with the Sire and Holy Ghost, Reigns ever, Three in One. Alleluia. Amen.

[Easter 18.]

- 1 FENCED by a strong right arm
 We crossed the Red Sea water,
 And bravely broke the tyrant's yoke
 And slew with bloodless slaughter.
 Thanks to the avenging Lord,
 Thanks to our God we pay;
 While round the Lamb's rich board
 We throng in white array.
- 2 Christ is our Paschal Feast,
 The Lamb, though slain, immortal;
 Whose blood descried doth turn aside
 Death's angel from our portal.

O then for His dear Flesh Full hearts and fervent give; With Him your souls refresh, On Him to Godward live.

3 Grant us with Thee to die,
With Thee, from things terrestrial,
Christ, let us rise, and earth despise,
And love the joys celestial.
All laud to Sire and Son,
Who holding death in thrall,
Himself doth lead us on,
To win Heaven's starry hall;
And Thine blest Spirit be,
All praise eternally. Alleluia. Amen.

58.

[Easter 19.]

1 O VICTIM worthy heaven,
By Thee grim death is stricken;
Before Thee fell the gates of hell,
Who dost the dead requicken;
Christ into day returns
From out the grave's dark jaws,
And back the tyrant spurns,
And heaven's dim veil withdraws.

2 Yea, for the Lamb exultant, Glad earth her triumph pealed; And rent in twain that veil hath lain, And heaven is now revealed. Nailed to the Saviour's cross,
With Christ the flesh must die,
That, purged by Him from dross,
It rise triumphantly.

8 A grain of wheat, long buried, Can lifeless ne'er remain; It hardly dies, forthwith to rise A harvest of rich grain. Not death can wholly break Our bodies, simply sown; God rose from death to make For us Life's pathway known.

4 Grant us with Thee to die,
With Thee, from things terrestrial,
Christ, let us rise, and earth despise,
And love the joys celestial;
All laud to Sire and Son,
Who holding death in thrall,
Himself doth lead us on,
To win heaven's starry hall;
And Thine, Blest Spirit, be
All praise eternally. Alleluia. Amen.

59.

[Ascension 1.]

1 LORD, Thy solemn passion past,
Thou hast gained Thy throne at last;
When in triumph to the sky,
From the mount at Bethany,
Thou didst rise, Thy mission ending,
Blest and blessing whilst ascending.

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- 2 All Thy works of mercy wrought; All thy sacred lessons taught; Calvary changed for Olivet; Thee adoring angels met: Victory, joy, and honour blending, Glorified Thee while ascending.
- 3 Lord, Whose cross hath won Thy crown, Send on us Thy Spirit down! Cause us, heart and mind, to soar Up where Thou art gone before; That we may, at our life's ending, All partake of Thine ascending.
- 4 Praise be to the Father poured,
 And to Thee, ascended Lord;
 To the Holy Ghost be given
 Laud and praise in earth and heaven:
 Heart and voice in concert blending;
 Incense evermore ascending. Alleluia!

[Ascension 3.]

1 A NOINTED One! Thy work is done,
The slayer Death is slain;
And Thee Thine everlasting realm
Of glory claims again.
Borne on a bright clear cloud of light
Thou dost the earth survey;
While, freed from thrall, behind Thee throng
The Fathers' glad array.

2 The angelic host, in wonder lost,
The eternal gates fling wide;
And Thee, triumphant, God and Man,
Throne at the Father's side.
There dost Thou wait, our Advocate,
Our Priest, and Prince of peace;
Thy once shed blood presenting still,
With prayers that never cease:

3 And thence with power dost deck and dower
The church Thy royal Bride;
And still, her all pervading Life,
To all dost life divide.
Thence day by day, midst fight and fray,
The faint dost Thou uphold;
Thou to the brave dost conquest give,
And triumph to the bold.

4 Where Thou the Head, O Christ, hast sped,
Do Thou the body call;
And lead, where Thou the way hast led,
Thy members one and all.
Jesu, to Thee all glory be,
Who dost to heaven ascend;
With Sire most High and Spirit Blest,
Through ages without end. Alleluia! Amen.

61.

[Ascension 4.]

1 HAIL! the Day that sees Him rise, Ravished from our wistful eyes; Christ awhile to mortals given, Re-ascends His native Heaven; There the glorious triumph waits, "Lift your heads, eternal gates; Doors, unfold, your Lord to win, Take the King of Glory in."

- 2 Circled round with angel powers,
 Their triumphant Lord and ours,
 Vanquisher of death and sin,
 Take the King of Glory in;
 Him though highest heaven receives,
 Still He loves the earth He leaves;
 Though returning to His throne,
 Still he calls mankind His own.
- 3 See! He lifts His hands above;
 See! He shows the prints of Love;
 Hark! His gracious lips bestow
 Blessings on His church below;
 Still for us He intercedes,
 Still His death prevailing pleads;
 Next Himself prepares our place,
 Harbinger of Human race. Alleluia!

62.

[Ascension 5.]

1 JESU, Master! Thee we pray,
Taken from our Head to-day;
See Thy faithful servants, see,
Ever gazing up to Thee:
Grant, though parted from our sight,
High above you radiant height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee beyond the skies.

- 2 Ever may we upwards move,
 Wafted on the wings of Love;
 Looking when our Lord shall come,
 Longing for our Heavenly Home;
 There may we with Thee remain,
 Partners of Thine endless reign;
 There Thy face unclouded see,
 Find our heaven of heavens in Thee.
- 3 There before Thy footstool fall,
 There confess Thee Lord of all;
 There our crowns before Thee cast,
 There proclaim, while Heaven shall last,
 Glory to the Lord Most High,
 Conqueror rising through the sky,
 To the Father glory meet,
 Glory to the Paraclete. Alleluia!

[Ascension 7.]

1 O HAPPY Day for mortals,
When through the crimson sea
Of His own blood our God, made man,
His giant race exulting ran,
And burst the long-barred portals,
Gates of eternity.

2 His living members haste we
Where He hath gone before;
Our Head, our Chief, if one with Him
Our spirit be, let every limb
With Christ be knit, and taste we
His glories evermore.

- 3 He went, ere long returning,
 In Spirit ever near,
 Still with His own to dwell, and still
 With His dear Self all hearts to fill:
 For Him our souls are yearning;
 With Him our hearts we cheer.
- 4 Oh! day of Christ's ascending,
 O! happy, happy morn;
 But woe! the hour when He shall come
 From His bright throne His foes to doom,
 With vengeance never ending,
 To everlasting scorn.
- 5 He comes! let all adore Him,
 Judge of the world most High:
 To Jesu, with the Almighty Sire
 And Holy Ghost, let Heaven's glad quire
 Bring praise, and sing before Him
 The songs that never die. Alleluia!
 Amen.

[Ascension 8.]

- 1 LO, with a voice of joy and praise God is gone up to-day; Then to our Saviour let us raise The noblest hymn we may.
- 2 The bands of death and hell are riven, The ransom has been paid; Lo, He ascends the throne of Heaven, In robes of light arrayed.

3 Christ is gone up, yet ere He past From earth, in Heaven to reign, He formed one holy church, to last Till He should come again.

4 Then whilst within His courts we view
The glories of our King,
So let us love as angels do,
And so, like angels, sing.

5 Glory to God, the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost on high;
As was, is now, and shall run on
Through all eternity. Alleluia! Amen.

65.

[Ascension 11.]

OD is gone up on high
With a triumphant shout;
The clarions of the sky
Angelic joys ring out;
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
All glory give to glory's King.

2 All power to our great Lord
Is by His Father given;
By angel-hosts adored,
He reigns supreme in Heaven;
Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
All glory give to glory's King.

- 3 High on His holy seat

 / He bears the righteous sway;
 His foes beneath His feet
 Shall sink and die away;
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
 All glory give to glory's King.
- 4 His foes and ours are one,
 Satan, the world, and sin;
 But He shall tread them down,
 And bring His kingdom in;
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
 All glory give to glory's King.
- 5 With lips and hearts of fire,
 Thee, Jesu Christ, we praise;
 With heaven's eternal Sire,
 And Holy Ghost always;
 Join all on earth, rejoice and sing,
 All glory give to glory's King. Alleluia!

[Ascension 14.]

- 1 O! MIGHTY joy to all, When the sweet Virgin's Son, After the spitting, scourge, and cross, His Father's seat hath won.
- 2 Then give we thanks to God, For His avenging power; That He our very flesh hath borne, Up heaven's star-spangled tower.

- 3 So with the joy of heaven,
 Join we in holy mirth;
 That Christ with His bright countenance,
 Cheers them, yet leaves not earth.
- Up! then, and at their call,
 Let us on Christ attend,
 And live we such a life henceforth,
 As may the skies ascend.
- Jesu, to Thee be praise,
 Who ridest on the sky;
 Conqueror, with Sire and Spirit blest,
 To all eternity. Alleluia!

[Ascension 15.]

WHILE up to heaven God goeth—
In majesty from earth,
Its blast the trumpet bloweth,
All jubilant with mirth.
Sing praise then, nothing loath,
Sing praise and gratulation,
The King of our salvation
Is Lord of Sabaoth.

To greet the Lord ascending,
The wide heaven laughs with glee;
And on their King attending,
The saints, whom Christ set free,
Around their Saviour throng,
With seraphs sweetly singing,
And cherub voices ringing
The welcome of their song.

3 We know the way that leadeth
To our exalted Head;
We know the path that speedeth
To heaven where Christ hath sped.
Our Lord is gone before,
He will not here forsake us,
But to His home will take us,
And open wide the door.

4 We too the house will enter,
The mansion of our Lord;
We too our hopes will centre
Where lies our treasure stored;
Lift up your hearts each one,
Where Christ hath onward hastened:
On Him your hopes be fastened;
To Him your race be run.

5 Let us to heaven go pressing
With mighty hearts yet meek;
Let us sing sweet our blessing,
"Thee, Jesu Christ, we seek;
Thee, O Thou Son of God,
Who dost all might inherit;
Thee, Crown of heart and spirit,
Thee, true and living Road."

6 When will that morn break o'er us;
When come the blessed time,
That Christ will stand before us,
In lordliness sublime?
Thou day, O haste and cheer
Our souls the Saviour meeting,
Our hearts the Saviour greeting;
Sweet Day of days, appear. Alleluia!

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[Ascension 16.]

1 CAN music on men's spirits fall,
Can hearts be glad to-day,
When Thou, their Life, their Love, their All,
Art vanishing away?
And can, dear Lord, Thy children brook
Their Bridegroom's loss, then why
Endure they with so calm a look,
To gaze on you deep sky?

2 Thy rising form on Olivet
A summer shadow cast;
The hoary trees, with May-dews wet,
Drooped as the shadow passed.
And as Thy lessening form departs,
While stand the Eleven around;
Thy blessing falls into their hearts,
Like dew upon the ground.

3 And still the silver cloud from heaven,
That stooped to be Thy car,
Mounts upward from the lone Eleven,
Like some receding star:
And hymns come down like whispers heard
By ears that love them well;
Tones of the old prophetic word;
The voice of Israel:

4 "Lift up your heads, ye gates, on high; Doors of the eternal Dome Be lift, that in, triumphantly, The King of Glory come." "Who is the King of Glory, Who
The Prince round Whom ye throng?"
"The Lord Almighty, great and true,
The Lord in battle strong."

5 "Lift up your heads, ye gates, on high:
Doors of the eternal Dome
Be lift, that in, right royally,
The King of Glory come."
"Who is the King of Glory?" Who?
The Prince Whom we proclaim
Is King of Glory, great and true,
The Lord of Hosts His name."

6 To Him—That lone and comfortless
Will leave us not, but send
On all that shall His Name profess
The blessing without end—
To Him be never-ending praise,
Who now ascends on high;
With Sire and Holy Ghost always,
One God eternally. Alleluia!

69.

[Ascension 17.]

- 1 OUR Redemption, our Salvation, Love and Longing of our heart; Jesu, God before creation, Man in end of time Thou art.
- 2 Mercy won Thee, Lord, from Heaven; Bearer of our sins to be; Thou to cruel death wast given, Us from doom of death to free.

- 8 Thou the bars of hell hast sundered, Leading thence Thy captive band; Triumphing while angels wondered, Thou dost sit at God's right hand.
- 4 Lead us up Thy pathway soaring, Lead us heavenward by Thy grace; Feed us, pleading and imploring, With the brightness of Thy face.
- 5 Christ, be Thou of joys the dearest,
 Thou our future great reward;
 Thou their hope our hearts that cheerest,
 Now and evermore, O Lord. Alleluia!

[Ascension 18.]

- 1 THE hymn of glory sing we,
 The new-voiced hymns intone;
 For Christ by yon new pathway
 Ascends the Father's throne.
- 2 Upon the mystic mountain Of Olivet they stood, Who, with the maiden Mother, Her Jesu's glory viewed.
- 3 Whom thus the angels greeted, "Why gaze ye at the height; The Saviour This, Christ Jesus, And this His hour of might.
- 4 "And thus shall He in glory
 Return a second time;
 As ye e'en now have seen Him
 Heaven's starry turrets climb."

5 Grant us, with true devotion
To reach yon kingly height;
Where with the Sire Thou sittest
In Thy stronghold of might:

6 Be Thou, O Lord, our joyaunce, Who wilt our blessing be; In Thee be all our glory Through all eternity.

7 To Thee, O Lord, be honour, Who through the heaven didst soar; With Sire and Holy Spirit, Now and for evermore. Alleluia!

71.

[Whitsuntide 2.]

1 COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire, And lighten with celestial fire: Thou the anointing Spirit art, Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart.

- 2 Thy blessed unction from above Is comfort, life, and fire of love: Enable with perpetual light The dulness of our blinded sight.
- 3 Anoint and cheer our soiled face
 With the abundance of Thy grace:
 Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
 Where Thou art guide no ill can come.
- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son, And Thee, of both, to be but One; That through the ages all along This, this may be our endless song:

5 All glory, mighty God, to Thee, Thrice Holy One, co-equal Three: All praise to Thine eternal merit, O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Alleluia!

72. [Whitsuntide 3.]

- 1 O THOU Who, on Thy sainted quire Didst light in cloven tongues of fire, Spirit of power, on us come down, With light and life our heads to crown.
- 2 As, with a rushing whirlwind, then
 Thy presence shook the hearts of men,
 And filled the house where they. O Lord!
 Thy coming watched with one accord;
- 8 So now, a Dove upon its nest,
 O'er this Thy gathered household rest,
 Till each man's inmost soul be stirred
 With Thy still voice, Thy mighty word.
- 4 Behold us from Thy holy place, Enrich us with Thy heavenly grace; Deign in our hearts Thy home to make, And never leave us nor forsake.
- 5 Thus shall this roof Thy praise prolong; Nor ever from our lips the song Of "Peace on earth to men of peace," And "Glory to our God," shall cease.
- 6 All praise be, then, in earth and heaven, Unto the living Father given; All praise be to the Son addrest, Praise to the Spirit ever-blest. Alleluia!

[Whitsuntide 4.]

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, eternal God, Proceeding from above, Both from the Father and the Son, The God of peace and love;
- 2 Visit our minds, into our hearts Thy heavenly grace inspire; That truth and godliness we may Pursue with full desire.
- 3 Thou art the very Comforter
 In grief and all distress;
 The heavenly gift of God Most High,
 No tongue can It express.
- 4 Thou in Thy gifts art manifold, By them Christ's church doth stand: In faithful hearts Thou writ'st Thy law, The finger of God's hand.
- 5 According to Thy promise, Lord, Thou givest speech with grace; That through Thy help God's praises may Resound in every place.
- 6 To God the Father, laud and praise, And to His blessed Son, And to the Holy Spirit of grace, Co-equal Three in One. Alleluia!

74. [Whitsuntide 8.]

1 COME! Holy Ghost! come, Lord our God!
Pour forth the Father's love abroad!

On wings of joy our souls uplift,
And fill with every fruitful gift.
O Lord, Who, by Thy heavenly light,
Hast called Thy church, from deep of night,
Out of all tribes this earth that throng,
Thy praise shall tune our choicest song,

Alleluia! Alleluia!

2 Thou light of glory, gracious Lord,
Awake us by Thy Holy Word;
And teach Thy flock, in faith, to call
On Thee the Father of us all.
The cloud of error far remove,
And lead us onward, by that love
Which, cleaving fast to Jesu's side,
Holds us to Him, our one true Guide.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

S Thou Ray divine of that dear Love,
Which brought redemption from above;
Grant that our Faith the field may win,
And conquer misery and sin.
O Lord, By Thine Almighty grace,
So gird us up to run our race,
That, striving long and serving Thee,
We gain Thy blest eternity.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

4 All glory to the Paraelete, The Guardian of our wandering feet, All glory to the Holy Fire, The Fountain of all pure desire; To Him that brooded on the breast Of ocean, and the water blest, Be praise from earth and heaven's bright host: —To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

75.

[Whitsuntide 10.]

- 1 O HOLY Ghost, into our souls Send down Thy heavenly light; Inflame our hearts with fervent love, To serve God day and night.
- 2 Our weakness strengthen and confirm, Which feeble is and frail, That neither devil, world, nor flesh, Against us may prevail.
- 3 Our enemies put far from us, And help us to obtain Peace in our hearts with God and man, The best and truest gain.
- 4 Such measure of Thy powerful grace, Grant, Lord, to us, we pray, That Thou may'st be our Comforter At the last dreadful day.
- 5 To God the Father, laud and praise, To God His blessed Son, To God the Spirit of all grace, Co-equal Three in One. Alleluia!

- 1 GLADDENING Light! all glorious Fire Of the everlasting Sire!
 Jesu Christ, Thou blessed Son,
 Of the heavenly Holy One:
- 2 Sinks to rest the sunlight dim, Shine the lights of eve abroad; Wherefore, Sire and Son we hymn, And the Holy Ghost of God.
- 3 At all seasons, through all time, Worthy art Thou to be sung, With the sweet according chime Of full many an hallowed tongue:
- 4 Son of God, Who life dost give, Whereby all the world doth live, Thee the world doth praise and bless, Glorious in Thy holiness:
- 5 Send, we pray, the Spirit down, With His grace our gifts to crown; Evermore our Light to be, Light to lead us unto Thee:
- 6 God, the Father of all might; God, the ever-blessed Son; God, the Spirit, Fount of Light; God of Gods—eternal One. Alleluia!

[Whitsuntide 13.]

1 0 LORD, Thy wing outspread, And us Thy flock enfold; Thy broad wing spread, that covered Thy mercy-seat of old: And o'er our nightly roof,
And round our daily path,
Keep watch and ward, and hold aloof
The devil and his wrath.

- 2 For Thou dost fence our head,
 And shield,—yea, Thou alone,—
 The peasant on his pallet-bed,
 The prince upon his throne:
 Make then our heart Thine ark,
 Whereon Thy mystic Dove
 May brood, and lighten it, when dark,
 With beams of peace and love.
- 3 That dearer far to Thee
 Than gold or cedar-shrine
 The bodies of Thy saints may be,
 The souls by Thee made Thine:
 So never more be stirred
 That voice within our heart,
 The fearful word that once was heard,
 "Up, let us hence depart."
- 4 To God the Almighty Sire,
 To Christ the living Lord,
 And to the Comforter, the Fire
 Of love, all praise be poured:
 Praise from the flock below,
 Praise from the saints above;
 Unceasing as the ocean's flow,
 Unbounded as God's love. Alleluia!

- 1 LET Heaven resound with praises, Let earth ring back her joy; And, while her voice she raises, Her sweetest tones employ, To sing their deeds of wonder, Those men of heavenly might— Who bursts the cords asunder, That bound the world to night.
- 2 Their arm it was that, strengthened With power from God's right hand, The hallowed cords had lengthened Through every heathen land: And deep in earth's dominion The stem of Truth had set, Fann'd by the Dove's soft pinion, With dews of blessing wet.
- 3 The Leaders of God's children,
 The Guides of Age and Youth,
 Through lights the world bewildering
 The only Lights of Truth;
 Their twelve bright thrones appointed
 By Christ's supreme command,
 Seats of the Lord's anointed
 Shall ranged for judgment stand.
- 4 Oh! heed we then their warning, Whom earth, in ruin hurled, Shall see, despite her scorning, Come forth to judge the world—

And praise the Judge supernal
Of earth, and Heaven's bright host,
With God the Sire eternal,
And God the Holy Ghost. Amen.

79.

[Ember Weeks 3.]

- 1 CREATOR Spirit, by Whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come—visit every faithful mind;
 Come—pour Thy joys on human kind;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make Thy temples worthy Thee.
- 2 O Source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promised Paraclite!
 Thrice Holy Fount! thrice Holy Fire!
 Our hearts with heavenly love inspire!
 Come—and Thy sacred unction bring,
 To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace, descend from high, Rich in Thy seven-fold energy! Thou strength of His Almighty hand, Whose power does heaven and earth command, Proceeding Spirit! our defence! Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense!
- 4 Refine and purge our earthly frame, Our spirits fire, our hearts inflame; Our frailties help, our vice control, Submit the senses of the soul; And when rebellious they are grown, Then lay Thine hand and hold them down.

- 5 Chase from our minds the infernal foe, And peace, the fruit of love, bestow; And, lest our feet should step astray, Protect and guide us in the way: Give us Thy Self, that we may see The Father and the Son, by Thee.
- 6 Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend the Almighty Father's name:
 The Saviour Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died:
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Paraclete, to Thee. Amen.

[Ember Weeks 5.]

- 1 CREATOR Spirit! God of might!
 Thou Comforter of all!
 Teach us to know Thy word aright,
 That we may never fall.
- 2 Of war, dissension, and vain strife, Dissolve, O Lord, the bands; And knit the knots of peace and love Throughout all Christian lands.
- 3 Strengthen and stablish our weak hearts, So feeble and so frail; That neither Satan, sin, nor death, Against our souls prevail.
- 4 But be Thou, Lord, our strong defence,
 Our Ruler and our Guide;
 That we, escaped the snares of sin,
 From Thee may never slide.

5 But still, endued with perfect faith, May thus acknowledge Thee; Spirit of Father and of Son, One God in Persons Three. Amen.

81.

[Ember Weeks 6.]

- 1 SPIRIT of Light! direct aright,
 The preachers of Thy word;
 That sin by them Thou mayest cut down
 As with a two-edged sword.
- 2 Regard Thy sheep, their shepherds keep, And aid them at all need; Which break to us the bread of life, Whereon our souls do feed.
- 3 Thy Church uphold—defend Thy fold, And fence, as with a shield; Against the strong, that do us wrong, Lord! help us win the field.
- 4 Convert all those that be our foes
 And bring them to Thy light;
 That they and we may all agree,
 And praise Thee day and night.
- 5 All praise to Thee, blest Trinity, As hath been heretofore, To Father, Son, and Spirit be, All praise for evermore. Amen.

[Ember Weeks 9.]

- 1 COME, Heavenly Spirit, come:— Cleansed by Christ's blood, all lands For Thee prepare a home, To Thee stretch forth their hands.
- 2 The Christ ascended hath: Thou then His promise pay; And in Thy fiery bath Our bosoms wash this day.
- 3 Our missing One we mourn,
 Then pity our distress;
 O comfort the forlorn,
 And cheer the fatherless.
- 4 What Christ forbore to teach
 To hearts unfit to know,
 Now in the minds of each
 Engraft that it may grow.
- 5 Let truth from ancient seers In shadow half concealed Now ring in all men's ears, Now lie to all revealed.
- 6 Let Thy sweet unction school All hearts—and on them write The law's now silent rule, In characters of light.
- 7 To Sire and Son be praise, Praise, Holy Ghost, to Thee, The Bond of Both always, Through all eternity. Amen.

- 1 COME, mild and Holy Dove, Descend into our breast; Rest Thou in us, make us in Thee For ever sweetly rest.
- 2 Come, and spread o'er our heads Thy soft all-fostering wing; That in its shade we safely dwell, And still Thy praises sing:
- 3 Thy praise Who givest us life, Our holier life of grace; Yea—life and breath, and strength and speed, To run, and win the race.
- 4 If by the way we faint,
 Thou reachest forth Thy hand;
 If our own weakness makes us fall,
 Thou makest our weakness stand.
- 5 Be Thou our strength, O Lord; Our life by which we live; Our love, our joy, our hope,—but Thou That life of love must give.
- 6 Speak Thou within our souls; Our prayers within us pray; And hear Thyself within us speak, For Thine own prayers are they.
- 7 Glory to Thee, O Lord,
 One co-eternal Three;
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One equal glory be. Amen.

[Ember Weeks 13.]

1 GO where your Master's glory
Invites your band abroad;
Go forth for man's salvation
And bear the Word of God;
Go where the virgin harvest of all lands,—
Go where a brother's soul your loving care demands;

2 Go, sacred band: behold ye,
Even now the fields are white;
For brethren thrice a thousand
Have caught the words of light;
Matured whereby, and ripened like a field
That God hath blessed, their fruit a thousand fold
they yield.

Pricked to their inmost hearts'-core
They weep with bitter tears;
And in the hallowed laver
Their stains of by-gone years
Fain would they wash away—They burn, they burn,
For that blest stream whose waves all stains to freshness turn.

4 But not to Judah's border
Shall that bright sunshine cling,
The sun, where through all regions
He runs his golden ring,
Lights up fresh fields of triumph for your feet,
And warms all hearts with glee your gladsome
call to greet.

5 A thousand fanes are falling; Proud wisdom vails its front; The courtly tyrant trembles; The murdering sword is blunt; Wild though the torturer's wrath—his furies cease, And conquered vengeance quails before the men of peace.

6 Come, all-creating Spirit,
Thou a new world didst frame,
On us Thy power out-pouring,
Our souls with love enflame;
Almighty God, all-gracious, all-benign,
Us with Thy grace renew, and make us wholly Thine.

7 High praise be to the Father,
High praise be to the Son;
Like praise to Thee, blest Spirit,
Whence rays of glory run;
Whereby the strong hearts melt, the hard relent,
And through all loving souls the fires of grace are
sent. Amen.

85.

[Ember Weeks 15.]

- 1 HASTE hither, heavenly Spirit,
 Kind Father of the poor;
 And o'er the earth shed largely forth
 Thy blessings' promised store.
- 2 While day's created glory Lies whelmed in womb of night, The living ray knows no decay, O uncreated Light.
- 3 Guest of the heart, dear Inmate, Our labours' rest divine, Thou dost our cup of grief fill up With draughts of joyous wine;

- 4 O Fountain of all graces,
 Grant us a glorious strife,
 And, as we strive, the conquest give,
 And crown with endless life.
- 5 To Sire and Son all glory, Spirit, like praise be Thine, Through Whose soft breath, with fire of faith, Our spirits burn and shine. Amen.

[Holy Trinity 1.]

- 1 O LIGHT thrice blessed, Holy Trine, All crowning Unity Divine! The fiery sun his course hath run, Shed on our hearts Thy ray benign.
- 2 Thine was our praise at early prime, Thine are our prayers at even chime; Yea, Thine the praise our lips shall raise, And Thou their prayer throughout all time.
- 3 Be praise to God the Father poured, And to His only Son our Lord; With glory meet the Paraclete Be now and ever more adored. Amen.

87.

[Holy Trinity 5.]

1 O COME All-Holy Trinity,
Alike in splendour, hallowed Three,
One undivided Deity!
Thou, without end, art of all
Prime and Great Original.
Amen! Amen! Amen!

2 Thee Heaven's glad armies laud and praise,
To Thee their song of joy they raise,
Thee angel-hosts adore always;
And the wide world's triple frame
Evermore doth bless Thy name.
Amen! Amen! Amen!

3 We, too, Thy presence come before,
And, bending low, Thee, God, adore,
Thy lowly servants evermore;
To the hymns Thine angels sing,
Join the vows and prayers we bring.
Amen! Amen! Amen!

4 One living light we Thee believe,
Whom Three in Person we receive,
And unto Thee all worship give;
Alpha and O-Mega, Thee
All that breathe praise joyously.
Amen! Amen! Amen!

5 Praise to the unborn Sire be poured,
Praise to the sole begotten Lord,
Praise to the Spirit:—thus adored
Let the Triune Godhead be,
Three in One, and One in Three.

Amen! Amen! Amen!

88.

[Holy Trinity 6.]

1 MOST High and Holy Trinity!
Thou God of all compassion!
Who, in Thy Godhead's likeness, me
From nothing once didst fashion;

Oh! that my secret soul might be Filled only with the love of Thee! Do Thou Thyself my heart prepare, Then come and make Thy dwelling there.

- 2 Bend, Father, with a force divine, To Thee each inclination, And make my soul Thine inmost shrine. And peaceful habitation. Forgive me, Lord, that day by day Vain joys have drawn my heart astray! Now filled with Thee, let nought beside O Father! in my soul abide.
- 3 O God the Son! Thy truth make plain,
 With that my mind awaken;
 Forgive, that oft by fictions vain
 It hath been captive taken:
 Henceforth let every deed and thought
 Into Thy service, Lord, be brought;
 Draw me to Thee, and grace bestow
 To wean me from the joys below.
- 4 O Holy Ghost! Thou fire of love,
 My slothful will inflaming,
 Thy work to do, Thy will to prove,
 Let me be ever aiming:
 Forgive me, that my wayward mind
 So oft to sin hath been inclined;
 Now let me in Thy favour rest,
 Thy love implanted in my breast.

5 Most High and Holy Trinity!

Lead me from earth to heaven;
To Thee and to eternity

Let all my thoughts be given;
Oh! make me one with Thee below,
That when from earth's dark scenes I go,
In glory I may dwell with Thee,
Most High and Holy Trinity! Amen.

89.

[Holy Trinity 7.]

- 1 GOD thrice Holy! God of might!
 Trinity all infinite!
 Light undying, Who dost dwell
 Blest with joy ineffable.
- Very Oneness, ever true— Very Truth all-oneness too— Ever hallowed, Fountain free Of all good—sweet charity.
- 8 Girt Thou art with darkest night, Girt with unapproached Light— Thou Whom angels, through that fold, Burn, yet tremble, to behold.
- 4 Thee Thy faithful ones proclaim,— Born, new-born in Thy great name; Fed by faith, in ante-past, On the joy their love would taste.
- 5 Give us, Sire, Thy will to do: Give us, Son, Thy truth to know: With our whole heart make us love, Spirit, what Thou dost approve.

6 Father—grant us our desire— Equal Son of Holy Sire,— With the Holy Ghost on high Reigning through eternity. Amen

90.

[Holy Trinity 8.]

- 1 GOD Most High! Thrice mighty God!
 Boundless beam of boundless light!
 Godhead One in persons Three,
 God from all eternity,
 Thee all things created laud,
 Singing praises infinite.
- 2 Thou the Fount of Trinity, Inexhaustible, O Sire, And Thou Son begot and blest On the Sire's eternal breast; And from both proceeding free, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Fire:
- 3 Nought that Unity can sever;
 Persons Three: one Oneness ties;
 In the Father is the Son,
 With the Son the Sire is One,
 Both are in the Spirit ever,
 And in both the Spirit lies.
- 4 None is greater, none is less, None is after, none before; Peers in Royalty the Three, Peers in power and majesty; None hath greater worthiness, None inherits less or more.

5 To the living Father praise;
Praise to the Redeeming Son;
Equal praise the Spirit greet,
Fount of Fire and heavenly heat:
Mighty Maker! Him always
Let us laud while ages run. Amen.

91.

[Holy Trinity 9.]

- WHO in Thy very light self-shrouded art,
 Thee, ever-blessed Trinity, we bless;
 Thee praise, believe, confess,
 And seek with faithful heart.
- 2 O Holiest of the Holy! mighty Sire! O Holy Son, Thou God of God, most High! Bond of all true desire— Spirit, Eternal tie!
- Whate'er the Son is, that the Spirit must be; What either is and both, the Sire must prove; One Highest Truth the Three!— The Three one Highest Love!
- 4 Eternal glory to the Sire be given,
 To Son and Spirit endless honour be,
 Who lives one God in heaven,
 Who rules eternally. Amen.

92.

[From Trinity 1.]

1 THE festal day-spring calls ye
Haste to the holy portals!
The day divine, by deed and sign,
All-hallowed unto mortals.

This day the Eternal Father
Willed into life—creation,
Whence issued time, with step sublime,
And endless generation.

2 This day the willing Victim
Uprose from death's dark prison,
While whispered faith, the word which saith,
"He is not here, but risen."
This day of days, blest Spirit,
From heaven beheld Thee gliding,
With power that came, in tongues of flame,
On each bright brow abiding.

3 O Holiest Trine, thrice blessed,
Grant that Thine own bright morning,
Devote to Thee, may brighter be,
And beam with fresh adorning.
Thou then, Eternal Father;
Son of the Sire Eternal,
And Spirit, Three in one, to Thee,
O God, be praise supernal. Amen.

93.

[From Trinity 3.]

1 LORD of the golden day,
Thrice Holy God and King,
Thou wanest not away
For-ever-blessed Spring!
Spring of all holiness, from Whom
Our being's life we draw,
What lovely deeds and pure become
The lovers of Thy law!

2 The creatures of Thine hand Thou dost Thy likeness call; Their witness Thou dost stand, To scan the deeds of all: O then, kind Maker of mankind, From sin our spirits free; Our senses rule, our passion bind, And purge with charity.

3 So in Thy presence blest
And meet to bear Thy glance,
Repose we on Thy breast,
And hail Thy countenance;
Eternal Father of the Word,
And Thou, Eternal Son,
And Holy Ghost, co-equal Lord,
Thrice blessed Three in One. Amen.

94.

[From Trinity 4.]

1 GOD'S ark is in the field,
Around the aliens sweep,
And stript of spear and shield,
Shall its sworn watchers sleep:
Sleep their dull sleep, on beds of down,
Or toss them to and fro,
Till slaughtering hosts the sluggards drown,
And the death trumpet blow?

2 Then let not sluggish sleep Seal up the waking eye, Till that with judgment deep, Thy daily deeds thou try: He that his sins in conscience keeps,
When he to quiet goes,
More desperate is, than he that sleeps
Amidst his mortal foes.

3 Praise God—the Father praise,
Praise to the Son be given,
To the Great Spirit raise
High laud at morn and even;
With angel and archangel throng,
And spirits of just men,
Uplift the song, the lay prolong,
"Praise ye the Lord. Amen."

95.

From Trinity 5.

- 1 LORD, to me Thy minsters are, Courts of honour passing fair; And my spirit deems it well, Thine to be, and there to dwell; Heart and flesh would fain be there, Lord, Thy life, Thy love to share.
- 2 There the sparrow speeds her home, And in time the turtles come, Safe their nestling young they rear, Lord of Hosts, Thine altars near; Dear to them Thy peace—and more To the souls who there adore.
- 3 Yea, all-blessed are his days, In whose heart are all Thy ways,

Who doth drink of many a spring, Through "the Sad Vale" journeying; Faring on, from keep to keep, Till he stands on Sion's steep.

- 4 There one day is better far,
 Than, elsewhere, a thousand are;
 Give me in God's court to stand,
 With his wicket in mine hand;
 And who will, for me, may bide
 In the curtained bowers of pride.
- 5 Glory to the Sire be poured, Glory give to Christ the Lord; Glory to the Holy Ghost, God of earth and heaven's bright host; Worship, honour, power, and praise Give, unto the end of days. Amen.

96.

[From Trinity 7.]

- 1 SWEET morn, most calm, most clear,
 The Christian's holy day;
 But for thy light our week were drear;
 Thy torch doth show the way.
- 2 Thou the strong pillar art, On which doth rest high heaven; Standing amidst, and yet apart, First-born, and chief of seven.
- 3 On thee thy Lord did rise From out His garden-grave, Planting for us a paradise Of balms, torn souls to save.

4 Sweet day, most clear, most calm, Bright bower of earth and sky, May we but taste thy precious balm, Ere thou and we shall die!

To God the Father praise,
 Praise to the Eternal Son,
 And to the blessed Spirit of grace,
 Eternal Three in One. Amen.

97.

[From Trinity 8.]

- 1 THE day is past and gone;
 Great God, we bow to Thee;
 Again, as shades of night come on,
 Unto Thy side we flee.
- 2 Oh, when shall that day come, Ne'er sinking in the west, That country, and that holy home, Where none shall break our rest?
- 8 Where all things shall be peace, And joyaunce without end, And golden harps, that never cease, With echoing lips shall blend—
- Blend—in their sweet accord, Of deep, and full, and bright,
 Like sounds of many waters poured On the tranced ear of night.
- 5 So we, preserved beneath The sheltering of Thy wing, For evermore Thy praise shall breathe And love Thee, Lord, and sing.

To God the Sire be praise,
 And to the Eternal Son;
 And to the Holy Ghost always,
 Co-equal Three in One. Amen.

98.

[From Trinity 12.]

- 1 BLEST Jesu! Thou, on heaven intent,
 Whole nights hast in devotion spent;
 While we, frail creatures, soon are tired,
 Our flame soon quenched, our zeal expired.
- 2 Yet may we always ready stand, With our lamps burning in our hand; And still in sight of heaven rejoice, Whene'er we hear the Bridegroom's voice!
- 3 So when at night I sleepless lie, My soul with heavenly thoughts supply; Let no ill dreams disturb my rest, No powers of darkness me molest.
- 4 Be Thou my guardian whilst I sleep, Around my bed Thy vigils keep; With love divine my bosom fill, And bar the entrance of all ill.
- 5 Speak peace unto my soul, and tell Of heavenly joys with Thee that dwell; So shall my spirit all night long, Sing to my God her thankful song.

6 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, The God of earth and heaven's bright host, Be glory, as in ages past, Is now, and shall for ages last. Amen.

99.

[From Trinity 19.]

- 1 THE star of light is rising bright,
 Then meekly let us pray,
 That God the Lord, in deed and word,
 Keep us from harm this day.
- 2 May He refrain our tongue, and chain Our lips from strife's wild din; And fence the eye from vanity, Lest mischief it drink in.
- 3 Pure be our heart, its inmost part Kept free from witless thought; Let diet spare our flesh outwear, And bring its pride to nought.
- 4 That when the day hath waned away, And change shall nightfall bring, All clean in sense, through abstinence, God's glorious power we sing.
- 5 Father, to Thee all glory be,
 To Thee, O blessed Son!
 Thee glory greet—bright Paraclete,
 While endless ages run. Amen.

[From Trinity 20.7

- Now that the daylight dies away,
 Ere we lie down and sleep:
 Thee, Maker of the world, we pray,
 To own us and to keep.
- 2 Let dreams depart, and visions fly, The offspring of the night; Keep us like shrines beneath Thine eye, Pure in our foes' despite.
- 3 This grace on Thy redeemed confer, Father, co-equal Son; And Holy Ghost the Comforter, Eternal Three in One. Amen.

101.

[From Trinity 22.]

- 1 'TIS now the hour our prayers to pour,
 So warns the day's career;
 'Tis time to swell Thy canticle
 Of praise, Redeemer dear.
- 2 The soul make clean, the mind serene, And work the work divine; In mercy weigh their prayers, who pray, And endless life assign.
- 3 As one by one, when day is done,
 The summer-lights still glow;
 And o'er the face of eve their trace
 Of ruddy radiance throw;
- 4 So when the pall of night shall fall,
 Around us and above;
 With brightness cheer its mantle drear,
 And warm us with Thy love.

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5 All praise to Thee, O Father be—
 In this our day's decline;
 Eternal Son, all-Holy One,
 Spirit, high praise be Thine. Amen

102.

[From Trinity 25.]

1 THE morning lifts her dewy veil,
And calls to holy ground;
And with fresh utterance bids us hail
The blessings newly found:
But Christ the Conqueror pales the morn—
A fairer light is He;
To Him then—sons of Christ new-born,
Uplift the jubilee.

2 When, from its swaddling bands unwrapped, The world, of beauty rare, Sprang forth in purest radiance lapped, What power and might were there! His Son delivered unto death, A guilty world to spare,— When God the Sire requickeneth, What power of love is there!

3 When first the Eternal Maker scanned
This world where bright it stood,
The tissued work of His right hand,
He called it very good:
But oh! how goodlier far the sight
That to the Sire it gave,
Washed by the Lamb, and rising white
From His atoning wave.

4 With morn to us the new-born dyes
Of earth reviving come;
Whereby the soaring spirit flies
Up to the eternal dome:
But Christ, the Father's glory bright,
Light of our hearts, afresh
Gives us Himself, O wondrous sight!
Within the cloud of Flesh.

5 Then grant that we, O blessed Trine!
The law—Thy lamp—ensue;
What then dost loathe, that we decline,
And what Thou lovest, do.
Thus unto God all glory be,
To Father, Son, and Spirit;
For Thou, O Holy Trinity!
All glory dost inherit. Amen.

103.

[From Trinity 27.]

1 THOU Who in light dost dwell,
Close-wrapt from mortal eye;
Light unapproachable,
All-seeing Deity!
Before Whose face—Whose throne before,
The trembling Scraphim
Veil their bright foreheads while they pour
To Thee the unearthly hymn.

2 Dark! dark! is this our night, But bright the day shall be That puts all gloom to flight, Day of eternity! For us Thou hast this day in store, To us this day wilt give, Whose living glory, burning o'er The blazing Sun, shall live—

3 For ever live—then, why,
O day of days—delay?
Fain would we see Thee nigh,
Fain quit this load of clay;
Fain, from its bonds set free, our will
To Thee, O God, would soar—
And see Thee still, and laud Thee still,
And love Thee evermore!

4 Fit us for every gift,
And with all blessings dower;
Let heaven repay our thrift
Of life's fast fleeting hour:
Our daylight here soon sinks in night;
Let an eternal day,
Blest Trinity, be there our light,
Where Thou art God alway. Amen.

104.

[From Trinity 28.]

- 1 NOW that the sun is gleaming bright, Implore we, bending low, That He, the Uncreated Light, May guide us as we go.
- 2 No sinful word nor deed of wrong, Nor thoughts that idly rove; But simple truth be on our tongue, And in our hearts be love.

- 3 And while the hours in order flow, O Christ, securely fence Our gates beleaguered by the foe, The gate of every sense.
- 4 And grant that to Thine honour, Lord, Our daily toil may tend; That we begin it at Thy word, And in Thy favour end.
- 5 And lest proud flesh, with licence rude, Should lord it o'er the mind, Let thrift of daily drink and food, The proud flesh firmly bind.
- 6 To God the Sire give glory meet,
 And to His only Son;
 And to the Holy Paraclete,
 While endless ages run. Amen.

[From Trinity 31.]

- 1 SERVANT of God! remember
 The hallowed Font's bedewing;
 The seal upon thy forehead;
 Thine inner man's renewing:
- 2 That when sweet sleep shall woo thee, And thy chaste couch thou seekest, That sign may guard thy spirit, And strengthen thee when weakest.
- 3 Away! away! ye visions
 Of wild unquiet dreaming—
 Away! away! Deceiver—
 With all thy froward scheming.

4 Oh! ever twisting serpent,
Who twining still and doubling,
Through many a mazy winding,
Men's quiet hearts art troubling—

5 Avaunt! for Christ is with us,
Yea, Christ is ours! then vanish—
The power that well thou knowest,
Can all thy legion banish.

6 Outstretched though lie the body, And faint in outward seeming, Yet, in its very slumber, Of Christ the soul is dreaming.

7 Now to the Eternal Father, To Christ the true King o'er ye, And to the Holy Spirit, Be everlasting glory. Amen.

106.

[From Trinity 35.]

1 LORD! up to heaven's eternal tower,
We lift our weary eyes;
O! whence for us in dreary hour
Shall hope and help arise?

2 Not from tall hill nor vale shall aid To us, O Lord, be given; But only from Thine hand that made The wondrous earth and heaven.

3 Our feet shall tread their pathway well, For Thou our way shalt keep; The guardian of His Israel Shall slumber not nor sleep.

- 4 Our watcher Thou wilt o'er us stand, Why then, faint heart, afraid? Yea—God doth stand at our right hand, For solace and for shade.
- 5 Our flesh no fiery sun shall smite At burning noon of day; Nor shall the moon our hearts affright With pale deceiving ray.
- 6 Our coming in and going out Shall joyous be for ever; Thou, Lord, shalt fence us round about, And ill shall harm us never.
- 7 Then Sire to Thee all glory be, And to the blessed Son; And to the Spirit; One in Three; While endless ages run. Amen.

107. [From Trinity 88.]

- 1 HARK! the bird of day sings clear,
 Telling us that light is near;
 Christ! the Saviour of the heart,
 Bid the sleep of sloth depart;
 Burst its bonds at crow of cock,
 And the gates of life unlock.
- 2 On Christ Jesus let us cry,
 Watching, praying, soberly;
 Prayer devout, and thoughts that weep,
 Suffer not pure heart to sleep;
 Ever warning, up! away!
 Out into the dawning day.

- 3 Christ! our liberty, our light,
 O'er our spirit broods dull night;
 Then from us the darkness shake;
 Break the bands of sleep—oh—break:
 And uplift us unto Thee,
 Christ! our light, our liberty.
- 4 Cleanse our old sins, and efface
 With the freshness of Thy grace:
 To the Sire all glory be,
 Glory, Blessed Son, to Thee;
 Glory to the Spirit pour,
 Henceforth and for evermore. Amen.

[From Trinity 39.]

- 1 A LL praise to Thee, in light arrayed,
 Who light Thy dwelling-place hath made;
 A boundless ocean of bright beams
 From Thine all-glorious Godhead streams.
- 2 The sun upon his noon-day height Is very darkness in Thy sight; Oh! then enlighten and inflame My soul with love of Thy great name.
- 3 Shine on me, Lord, new life impart, Fresh ardour kindle in my heart; One ray of Thine all-quickening light Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.
- 4 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise, Watch over Thine own sacrifice; All loose, all idle thoughts cast out, And make my very dreams devout.

- 5 When off I shake this load of dust, And to Thine arms my soul intrust, Receive me, Lord, that so I may Sing in Thy presence night and day.
- 6 Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him all creatures here below;
 Praise Him above, angelic host,
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

[From Trinity 40.]

- 1 CHRIST! in the Father's glory bright,
 Thou God of God, and Light of light!
 Fountain of life's eternal ray,
 The Day-spring of an endless day:
- 2 On healing wing, our hearts to bless, Arise—True Sun of Righteousness; And pour into the souls of Thine The blessed Spirit's beam divine.
- 3 Sweet beam, the solace of the sad, Our souls refresh, our hearts make glad; Drive hence all gloom, and with Thy cup Of sweets our thirsty souls fill up.
- 4 O! blest, thrice blessed, Lord, is he, Whose inmost heart is full of Thee, Light of the soul, all light above, Our Life's delight, and holiest Love.
- 5 Jesu, to Thee all glory be,
 In glory clad right royally;
 With Sire and Spirit, Three in One,
 Reigning while endless ages run. Amen.

From Trinity 41.7

- 1 THE night is closing o'er us,
 And shadows stalk abroad;
 With hymn then, and with anthem,
 Give we ourselves to God.
- 2 And Thou! O Sun of angels— Watch o'er us from above; Fain would our eyes behold Thee, Fain would our hearts still love.
- 3 True light, shine forth, let darkness
 Far from our souls be thrust;
 That peace to all flow richly,
 Who Thee their Saviour trust:
- 4 And when as Judge Thou sittest, In robes of light arrayed, We all may joy before Thee, Untroubled, undismayed.
- 5 To Thee be praise, Lord Jesu,
 Sun of the Angel-host;
 With God the Eternal Father,
 And God the Holy Ghost. Amen.

111.

[From Trinity 44.]

1 A WAKE! my glory, and awake My harp, my lute, my string; For I myself, ere morning break, Will rise, rejoice, and sing: Yea, sing the Saviour's hallowed name, And Jesus still repeat: That princely Name all praise may claim, Than sweetest thing more sweet.

2 It whispereth comfort to our grief, It speaks of joy and peace; The sad It soothes with soft relief, And bids the troubler cease. Aloud It sounds, from tongue to tongue, The Christian's trumpet-call; Within the silent heart 'tis sung, And calms the cares of all.

3 It sets the lame upon his feet,
The sick It saves from death;
Sweet Name, than all delights more sweet,
Jesus of Nazareth!
Dear Lord, bear with us, nor reprove
Our fervour, if we say
Thy sacred Name, for very love,
A thousand times a day.

4 Jesu! to Thee shall bend each knee
Of Earth—and heavenly frame;
Thee Christ, the King of might, we sing—
All-glorious is Thy name.
High praise be to the Sire in Heaven,
High praise be to the Son;
High praise be to the Spirit given,
Co-equal Three in One. Amen.

1 JESU! Well-spring of all mercy,
Heart and Hope of every joy;
Fount of sweetness and all graces;
True Delight that ne'er can cloy:
Jesu! Glory of all angels,
Sweetest Song that charms the ear;
To the lip more rich than honey,
Than the nectar-draught more dear.

2 Jesu! Flower of maiden mother, Fruit of fragrance exquisite; Glory of man's generation, Give the glory of Thy light. Jesu! than the sun serener, Precious above balms new prest; Jesu! sweeter than all sweetness, Lovelier than the loveliest.

3 Jesu! gentlest of the gentle,
Music to the joyous mind;
Goodness Whom no bounds can limit,
Let Thy love our spirits bind.
Lord of Hosts! and King of glory!
Crowned and Conqueror over all;
Jesu! Granter of all graces,
Prince of Heaven's celestial Hall:

4 Thee the quiring angels herald,
And Thy praise repeat the while;
Jesu! Thou, the world entrancing,
Us to God dost reconcile.

Jesu! unto Thee be glory,
Saviour of the world nigh lost;
Man's Redeemer—reign for ever,
With the Sire and Holy Ghost. Amen.

113.

[From Trinity 48.]

- 1 O LORD, upon Thine heritage, Send down a gracious rain; And if it faint, with dews refresh The thirsty land again.
- 2 There dwells Thy chosen flock, for whom Thou hast prepared a place, Which for the poor Thou didst provide Of Thine especial grace.
- 3 God gave the word, His voice was heard By nations far abroad; For mighty were the men that preached The gospel of our God.
- 4 Kings heard and quaked, then rose the church Fresh from her martyrs' fires; Her nursing mothers queens became, And kings her nursing sires.
- 5 Therefore, ye islands of the sea! Give thanks with one accord; And thou—in all thy temple gates, O Israel! praise the Lord!
- 6- Praise to the Father, to the Son, And Holy Ghost on high; As was of old, is now, shall be, Through all eternity. Amen.

[Holy Days 1.]

1 II APPY City, Holy Salem,
Peaceful vision, beauty-rife,
Brightly builded in the heavens,
Built of stones instinct with life,
Whom the angels tend encircling,
As a bridegroom tends his wife.

2 Bride from heaven all fresh descending, For the joyous bridal-hour, Decked and to her Lord betrothed, To the Lord of Might and Power; Golden are her streets and turrets, And of purest gold her bower.

3 Brightly shine with pearls her portals,
Opening up each holy fane;
Where, by virtue of His merits,
They their happy entrance gain,
Who, for Christ's sweet name, refused not
In this world to suffer pain.

4 Blessed City, blow and graver
Shape the polished stones for her,
For their several stations fitted
By The Great Artificer,
Fitted for her many mansions,
Stones of strength that none may stir.

5 Glory be to God and honour;
Be to God Most High all might,
To the Sire and Son be glory,
Glory to the Paraclite,
Unto Whom be praise and power,
And through ages infinite.

Alleluia, or Amen.

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1 CHRIST, the Key-stone of the Corner,
The Foundation Christ is sent,
Who, the double wall conjointing,
Into each is built and blent;
Whom our Holy Sion welcomed,
And on Whom her Faith is bent.

Dear to God and well-beloved,
 All that city, full of glee,
 Full of song, in laud and praises,
 And far-sounding jubilee,
 With accordant grace proclaimeth
 God the Triune, One and Three.

3 Prayer-entreated, in this Temple
Come and dwell, O God Most High,
And, of Thine all-pitying goodness,
Greet our vow and grant our cry;
Yea, Thy largest benediction
Hither shed continually.

4 Here may all be counted worthy
Their petition to obtain;
And attained, to hold for ever;
Yea, with all Thy saints, to gain
Into Paradise an entrance,
There in quiet to remain.

5 Glory be to God and honour,
To the Highest be all might,
To the Sire and Son be glory,
Glory to the Paraclite,
Unto Whom be praise and power,
Through all ages infinite.

Alleluia, or Amen.

- 1 TH' eternal gifts of Christ the King,
 The Apostles' glorious power,
 With gladsome spirits let us sing,
 In this our festal hour.
- 2 Princes, to whom the Church is given, Her captains in the fight, The liegemen of the Hall of Heaven, Stars of the world's true light:
- 3 Strong hope of them that look above,—
 True faith in saints that dwells;
 Christ's perfect charity, whose love
 The prince of this world quells,—
- 4 In these the Father's glory is;
 In these the Son, His Will;
 In these the Spirit joys—while bliss
 The halls of Heaven doth fill.
- 5 Thee, our Redeemer, we entreat
 With them to make us one;
 Praying before Thy mercy-seat,
 While endless ages run. Amen.

[Holy Days 6.]

1 MARTYR of God, 'twas thine to track
The Father's Only Son;
Thy foes are driven behind thy back,
By thee the Heaven is won.

- 2 His arm upheld thee in the strife. Whose word the water stilled: He was thine Ark, thy Light, thy Life. Who thy salvation willed.
- 3 Rent are the bonds from off thy frame. Fair as a babe's, thy flesh:-Like a moist west wind-breathes the flame. When dews the earth refresh.
- 4 Now roses bloom where thorns once drove. O'er paths thy footsteps trod: For wrath is swallowed up in love-Of Christ, the Son of God.
- 5 Then unto Christ the Martyr-King. With Sire and Spirit of Peace, Let heaven and earth's glad armies sing The songs that never cease. Amen.

[Holy Days 7.]

- GOD, Thy soldiers' crown, Their portion and reward: We sing Thy martyred son's renown; Then loose our guilt, O Lord.
- The fleeting gauds of earth, The blandishments of sin, As nought he counted; -and went forth The joys of heaven to win.
- He bore him like a man, The brunt he bravely bore; Bleeding for Thee his race he ran; And now his toils are o'er:

4 Eternal gifts are his;
Then be it ours, we pray,
To serve Thee, without sin, on this
Thy martyr's triumph-day.

 O Christ—the Prince of Love, With Sire and Spirit Blest,
 To Thee in earth, in heaven above, Be endless laud addrest. Amen

119.

[Holy Days 19.]

- 1 GOD of the Saints, we sing Thee; Be Christ's high glory sung; Who largely, of the Spirit, Gave triumph to the young.
- 2 Out of the mouths of infants, The Lord doth perfect praise; Who, strength for all ordaining, Crushed Satan and his ways:
- 3 His ways of guile—who, stirring Fierce Herod with his sting, Uproused him to the slaughter Of Christ his God and King.
- 4 That Christ was born in Bethlehem, He knew by heavenly word; He heard the City's Title, His Sire he ne'er had heard.
- 5 From two years old and under,
 He marks the infants' growth;
 "Rend from the breast, and slay them;"
 He bids with godless oath.

- 6 But Christ, Who came a Sufferer In His due time to be, His witnesses hath hallowed With praise eternally.
- 7 Torn from their weeping mothers, Whose tears would not be staid, Their loss, with joy's glad harvest, Shall richly be repaid.
- 8 Author of our salvation,
 Our flesh forget not Thou;
 But Father, Son, and Spirit,
 Accept our service now. Amen.

Holy Days 21.

- 1 YEA, thou hast drained thy Master's cup,
 Thy Master's cross adored;
 And by thy patience hast filled up
 The passion of thy Lord.
- 2 Not only, on thy body borne, Is Jesu's mark impressed; But He, within thy spirit worn, Himself doth manifest.
- 3 So, Holy Paul, thy life is o'er, Dying with Him that died; While, in thy bosom, evermore Doth live the Crucified.
- 4 Enough, O Paul, enough hast thou
 To us and earth been given;
 Rough ways beset thee once, but now
 A crown awaits in heaven.

- 5 To that third heaven arise from earth, Whose mysteries, heard by thee, For thee from Light's full fount break forth, And gush unceasingly.
- 6 Still in thy teaching may we bide
 Still on thy nurture grow;
 With thee, the follower and the guide,
 On Christ's blest path to go.
- 7 This, with the Father and the Son,
 To us, kind Spirit, send;
 To Whom, Eternal Three and One,
 Be glory without end. Amen.

[Holy Days 27.]

- 1 O COME, Creator Spirit, Inspire the souls of Thine; And fill the hearts, which Thou hast made, With grace and love divine.
- 2 Author of our salvation,
 Son of the Virgin's womb,
 Remember that our flesh Thou art,
 And didst our form assume.
- 8 This is the festal morning, Salvation's herald—this, Whereon from heaven to wretched man Came down celestial bliss.
- 4 This day outspake the angel,
 Hail, thou of women blest:
 With power and might the Godhead comes
 To fill a maiden's breast.

5 Maiden, how great the glory
That waits henceforth on thee!
Conceived in thine own womb this day,
God's Son thy son must be.

6 This day, the Holy Spirit
Moulds, of thy maiden blood,
His flesh Who feeds as Man weak men,
And angels as their God.

7 Life of the world Who comest, O Son, to Thee be praise, With Sire and Spirit ever Blest, Who art a King always. Amen.

122.

[Holy Days 43.]

1 O LIGHT of Light, Lord Jesu, Redeemer of mankind, Our prayers and praises deign accept With sweet and gracious mind.

2 Who for lost sinners didst not Disdain the Virgin's womb, Help, Lord, that living members we Of Thy blest Self become.

3 Thy Face—the Sun outshining,
Thy raiment, snowy white,
To worthy witnesses shone forth
Upon that mountain-height.

4 Seers from their children hidden, Thou didst unite with Thine; And gave Thyself, in faith, to each As God with power divine.

- 5 Thee out of heaven the Father Proclaimed His Only Son, Whom we with loyal hearts and true The King of Glory own.
- 6 Grant us, we pray, to brighten In life's mild charities, That unto heaven and all its joys On deeds of good we rise.
- 7 The King of kings, Eternal, God—we sing praise to Thee, God, Three and One, Who King dost reign Through all eternity. Amen.

[Holy Days 44.]

- 1 EXULT all hearts, right gladly, At sound of Jesus' Name; What other hath such sweetness, Or such delight can claim?
- The sinner's cure is Jesus;
 All burden Jesus bears;
 'Tis Jesus frights the demons,
 And death—'tis Jesus scares.
- 3 'Tis Jesus sounds so sweetly In hymn, in prose, in psalm; To hear It—lifts our spirit, And soothes the soul with balm.
- 4 From every lip let Jesus,
 That Name exalted, peal;
 And heart with voice accord so,
 That every sin it heal.

5 Yea, Jesu, Health of sinners, Be present to our prayer; The wanderer's Guide become Thou, And us, Thy people, spare.

6 Thy Name—let It defend us; Our Stay in peril prove; And perfect us in blessing, And every stain remove.

7 For Thee, O Christ, all glory In This blest Name doth shine; Thy Honour be our worship, O Jesu, Lord Benign.

8 Glory to Thee, Redeemer,
Whom the Pure Virgin bore,
With Sire and Holy Spirit,
For ages evermore. Amen.

124.

[Holy Days 47.]

1 CHRIST, to Thee, the Father's glory,
Life and vigour of each heart,
In our psalm, before the angels,
Vow and voice, we bear our part:
Now alternate, now concordant,
Thou our songs' sweet burden art.

2 Laud we, then, in loving reverence, All the soldiery of heaven, But chief honour to the Marshal Of the heavenly host be given; Michael, who, by might and valour, Hath the Fiend to darkness driven. 3 He our Guardian—sin drive from us, Christ our gracious King and mild,— Be all foulness of the foeman Far from heart and flesh exiled, And to Paradise restore us, By Thy mercy reconciled. Amen.

125.

[Holy Days 50.]

1 WHERE the Angelic Hosts adore Thee, Thou o'er earth and heaven dost reign: At Thy word they rose before Thee,

And Thy breath doth them sustain.

- 2 From Thine angels, Thee surrounding, Faithful guardians Thou dost send, 'Mid the snares, our feet confounding, Safe to keep us to the end:
- 3 Keep us—lest, with wiles deceiving, The persuader of all ill, Round his deadly meshes weaving, Rend the rescued soul and kill.
- 4 God, to Thee be jubilation,
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost;
 Who, by heralds of salvation,
 Leadest to their home the lost. Amen.

126.

[Holy Days 53.]

1 O HEAVENLY Queen, High Salem, Eternal is thy hall; And blest, thrice blest, the children, Thou storest in thy wall. 2 Thou art the Home of Quiet, God's saints o'ershadowing; The seat of God's own chosen, The Court of the Great King.

3 There God for ever sitteth,
Himself of all the crown;
And there the Lamb still shineth,
The Sun that ne'er goes down.

4 And nought this seat approacheth
To break the saints' sweet rest;
But this their only labour,
To praise God and be blest.

5 And there calm Hope invites us, And there our longings tend; No short-lived toil shall daunt us From joys that ne'er shall end.

6 To Thee, O Christ, be glory, Thy realm's Eternal Sun; With Sire and Holy Spirit, While endless ages run. Amen.

127. [Holy Days 54, v. 1, 4.]

[Holy Days 55, 3.]

1 SPOUSE of Christ, who, through the wide world,
Warring still, dost take no rest,
Holy Mother, wake the descant,
Sing the triumphs of the Blest:
Let the day, to All-Saints hallowed,
Mingled with the joys of heaven,
Sounding forth its solemn anthem,
Joyous run from morn till even.

2 Saints of God, their lot is blessed, Him, the Almighty, they confess, Glory give to God and honour, And His Name Thrice Holy bless. Saints of Heaven, ye happy Spirits, Whom your God Himself doth bless, One with you in blest communion, Share, we in your blessedness.

3 Drink we of the Living Fountain,
O'er the land poured largely forth;
Live we in a Home of Quiet,
All our days upon the earth:
Thus, in holiness of service,
Serve we God, His liegemen true;
Here His servants, and hereafter
Dwellers in His light with you. Amen.

AT THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

128.

[Holy Days 58.]

WHY weep ye, living brotherhood,
Why wake these murmurs vain?
God's laws, that are so just and good,
Shall man's wild grief arraign?
Hush the loud moan, the tumult cease,
Weep not, O mothers, God shall give you peace.

2 What is it that the vault intends— Dim grave, or mounded heap— What means the sculptured tomb, O friends, But that our brethren sleep? Their monumental stones declare Our kinsmen are not dead, but slumber there.

- 3 No! if she hate the sin, the shame,
 True to her birth of fire,
 The soul, with her enshrining frame,
 Shall to the stars aspire;
 Soulless we see the body lie—
 Brief space—ere it renew its earlier tie.
- 4 Even now the solemn hour is near,
 God shall each hope fulfil;
 Earth, open—let the dead appear—
 It is thy Maker's will;
 Like form, like feature, let them wear,
 As when entrusted to Thy loving care.
- 5 What though each mouldering relic waste,
 As Time itself grows old;
 And but a little dust be traced,
 An infant's hand might hold;
 Though empty air no rest allot,
 Waif of the winds—the man shall perish not.
 Amen.

AT THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

129.

[Holy Days 59.]

1 O GENTLE nurse, the dead receive,
We trust him to thy breast,
Earth, to the noble relics give
A calm and holy rest;
They were the palace of the soul,
The home of His pure breath Who formed the whole.

- 2 Once Wisdom dwelt and glowed therein. And Christ within them moved: Now let them, in thy bosom, win Sweet rest. O earth beloved: God will remember their high race. And the dread stamp of His own awful face.
- 8 The hour is nigh when all shall glow With vernal bloom again: When the warm blood shall thrill and flow Within its ancient fane: When body shall with soul unite. And soar from death's cold house to air and light.
- 4 Death beareth life, reneweth life: Then mourn not o'er the grave: The seed must die, but, rich and rife. Soon o'er the sod shall wave. And clothe, with harvests of bright gold. The earth, its loving mother, as of old.
 - 5 Thee mourn we not in hopeless grief, But, with affection true. The violet and the vernal leaf On the dear relics strew, With dewy odours lightly thrown On the pale marble, and the sculptured stone. Amen.





